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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JAMES THOMSON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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A

P O E M

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

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SHALL the great soul of NEWTON quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars; and every Muse,
Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
Of honours due to his illustrious name?
But what can man?—Even now the sons of light,
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyres,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am not I deterr'd, though high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels; for with you,
Ethereal flames! ambitious, I aspire
In nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can ye show your guest!
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil

4 TO THE MEMORY OF 12.

Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
Wide-working through this universal frame.

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns,
And planets, to their spheres! the unequal task
Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
The pride of schools, before their course was known
Full in its causes and effects to him,
All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
Romantic schemes, defended by the din
Of specious words, and tyranny of names;
But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
And with heroic patience years on years
Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

What were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
And what the triumphs of old GREECE and ROME,
By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys
In some small fray victorious! when instead
Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
Of cruelty and blood, Nature herself



Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
Her every latent glory to his view.
All intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he by the blended power
Of gravitation and projection saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons
To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fix'd our wandering queen of night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion, clear discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night

6 TO THE MEMORY OF 60.

Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe compleat! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame.

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerable worlds he wound his way;
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heavens are all his own; from the wild rule

Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The schools astonish'd stood; but found it vain
To combat still with demonstration strong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
When NEWTON rose, our philosophic fun.

The aërial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye.
Even light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First, the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.

8 TO THE MEMORY OF 106.

Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened indico, as when
The heavy skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone; and to the source (involv'd

Deep in primævel gloom) ascending, rais'd
 His lights at equal distances, to guide
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
 His high discoveries sing? when but a few
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
 To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
 How shall the muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
 Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
 Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
 The finish'd university of things,
 In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
 Forbear incessant to adore that POWER
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few,
 Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
 All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh speak the wond'rous man! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good;
 How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
 Fervent in doing well, with every nerve

10 TO THE MEMORY OF 152.

Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares, and visionary joys,
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.

And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing through their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world---" 'Tis done! the measure's full;
" And I resign my charge."---Ye mouldering stones,
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship'd name of hoar antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,

While NEWTON lifts his column to the skies,
 Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
 Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
 Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
 These are the tombs that claim the tender tear,
 And elegiac song. But NEWTON calls
 For other notes of gratulation high,
 That now he wanders through those endless worlds
 He here so well descried, and wondering talks,
 And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
 Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
 Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
 Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
 Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
 Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
 And grateful adoration, for that light
 So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
 From LIGHT himself; Oh look with pity down
 On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
 Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
 O'er thy dejected country, chief preside,
 And be her genius call'd! her studies raise,

12 TO THE MEMORY OF, &c. 198.

Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, though deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?

Quos ego---sed motos praestat componere fluctus.

Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.

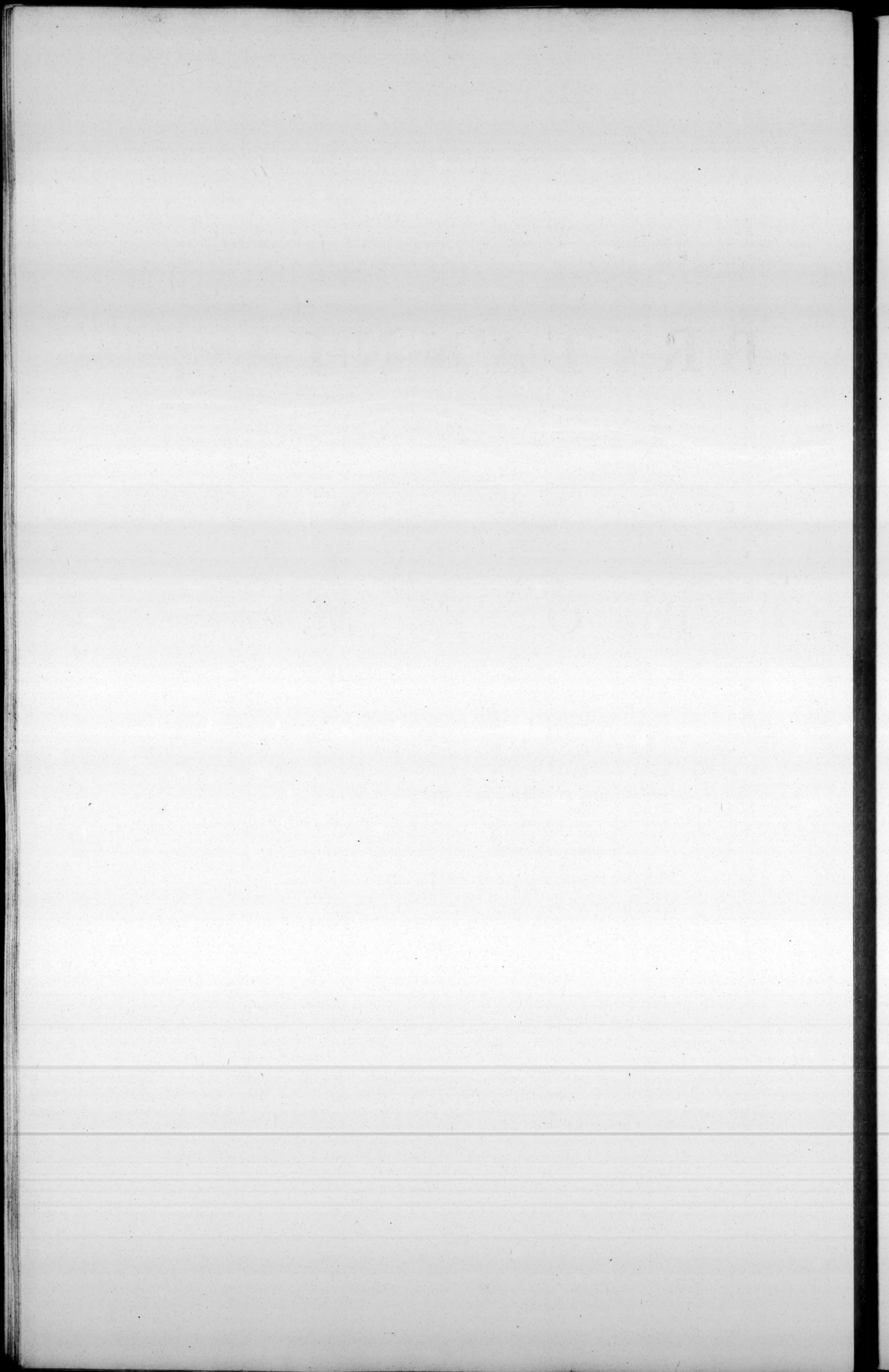
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:

Non illi imperium pelagi, faevumque tridentem,

Sed mihi forte datum.—

VIRG.

D



B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.

AS on the sea-beat shore BRITANNIA sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving sad:
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wings: and war, though greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations spoke; and what she said the muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

Even not yon fail, that, from the sky-mix'd wave,
 Dawns on the fight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH,
 A freight of future glory to my shore;
 Even not the flattering view of golden days,
 And rising periods yet of bright renown,
 Beneath the PARENTS, and their endless line
 Through late revolving time, can soothe my rage;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting Spaniard dares
 Infest the trading flood, full of vain war,
 Despise my navies, and my merchants seize;
 As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
 The world of water's wild; made by the toil,
 And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
 Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
 Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
 This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
 This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
 To generous Britons never known before?
 And fail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
 The mockery of war! while hot disease,
 And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crouds,
 For action ardent; and amid the deep,

Inglorius, funk them in a watry grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
 Far from their friends, and country, unaveng'd;
 And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd
 Thus idly to review their native shore;
 With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
 One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
 The violated merchant comes along;
 That far-fought wealth, for which the noxious gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath equator funs,
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
 Were once the British lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
 Who told him that the big incumbent war
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoaky ruin? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unaton'd, funk in the swallowing deep,
 Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?

There was a time (oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze.
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plow'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming vast;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
 Of easy conquest; while their bloated war,
 Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
 Of ages held in its capacious womb.
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
 My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy few,
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
 Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from every promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
 I swept confed'rate winds, and swell'd a storm.

Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
 The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind shelve,
 And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,
 Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
 Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian isles.

Such were the dawns of my watry reign;
 But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
 Even in those troubled times, when dreadful BLAKE
 Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
 Let every humbled state, let Europe say,
 Sustain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
 Ah what must those immortal spirits think
 Of your poor shifts? Those, for their country's good,
 Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
 No mean submission, but commanded peace.
 Ah how with indignation must they burn!
 (If aught but joy, can touch ethereal breasts)
 With shame! with grief! to see their feeble sons
 Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas,
 For which their wisdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
 And their veins bled through many a toiling age.

Oh first of human blessings! and supreme!
 Fair peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!

By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,
 Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
 And unsuspicious faith; while honest toil
 Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
 Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
 Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
 Nought, save the sweetness of indulgent showers,
 Trickling distils into the vernal glebe;
 Instead of mangled carcases, sad seen,
 When the blythe sheaves lye scatter'd o'er the field;
 When only shining shares, the crooked knife,
 And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
 When the land blushes with the rose alone,
 The falling fruitage, and the bleeding vine.
 Oh, peace! thou source and soul of social life;
 Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
 Science his view enlarges, art refines,
 And swelling commerce opens all her ports;
 Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee!
 Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
 Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
 Who sheathes the murderous blade; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd armory returns;

And every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings;
 And him the smiling mother to her train.
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts; and, the treasures of his labour sure,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
 Till all the happy nations catch the song.

What would not, peace! the patriot bear for thee?
 What painful patience? what incessant care?
 What mix'd anxiety? what sleepless toil?
 Even from the rash protected what reproach?
 For he thy value knows; thy friendship he
 To human nature: but the better thou,
 The richer of delight, sometimes the more

Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd state.
Even the good patient man, whom reason rules;
Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cause,
His bolder heart; in awful justice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire:
And, as he charges through the prostrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithless men, no more
To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

And what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The least beginning injury receives?
What better cause can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your dearest life demand?
What better cause, than when your country sees
The sly destruction at her vitals aim'd?
For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force,
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch
Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
In intercourse be gentle, generous, just,

By wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair;
But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable still: let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den,
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?
And is a Briton seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering terrors of a British fleet?
Then ardent rise! oh great in vengeance rise!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to restore:
And as you ride sublimely round the world,
Make every vessel stoop, make every state
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wisdom; this
The native power for which you were design'd
By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state
That e'er was seated on the subject sea;
A state, alone, where liberty should live,
In these late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown;
For this your oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot

Strong into sturdy growth; for this, your hearts
 Swell with a fullen courage, growing still
 As danger grows; and strength, and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
 Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
 By lavish nature thrust into your hand:
 And unencumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
 Self-crush'd, extend your reign from shore to shore,
 Where'er the wind your high behests can blow,
 And fix it deep on this eternal base.
 For should the sliding fabric once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,
 Where many a mighty empire buried lyes.
 And should the big redundant flood of trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide
 Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
 Should this bright stream, the least inflected, point
 Its course another way, o'er other lands

The various treasure would resistless pour,
 Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
 Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
 With all around a miserable waste.
 Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
 Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
 And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
 Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
 An Ethiopian deluge foams amain;
 (Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky)
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests croud
 On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
 Steril, and void; than of her trade depriv'd,
 Britons, your boasted isle: her princes funk;
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
 Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
 With rapid wing her riches fled away;
 Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
 Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
 Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,

The chearful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste luxury impair
 That manly soul of toil which strings your nerves,
 And your own proper happiness creates!
 Oh let not the soft penetrating plague
 Creep on the free-born mind! and working there,
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart
 Of liberty; the high conception blast;
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
 Of base subjection, and the swelling with
 For general good, erasing from the mind:
 While nought save narrow selfishness succeeds,
 And low design, the sneaking passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,
 Sapping the very frame of government,
 And life, a total dissolution comes;
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes;
 The human being almost quite extinct;
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
 Oh shun that gulph, that gaping ruin shun!

And countless ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven-beloved! May liberty,
 The light of life! the sun of human-kind!
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 Even where the keen depressive north descends,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
 While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
 And may a public spirit from the throne,
 Where every virtue sits, go copious forth,
 Live o'er the land! the finer arts inspire;
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive head,
 Blow the fresh bay, bid industry rejoice,
 And the rough sons of lowest labour smile.
 As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd west
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.

But haste we from these melancholy shores,
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint
 Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
 That let us roam; and where we find a spark
 Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
 Lo! now my sons, the sons of freedom! meet
 In awful senate: thither let us fly;

Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearless truth; myself, transform'd, preside,
And shed the spirit of BRITANNIA round.

 This said; her fleeting form and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Rush'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

ANCIENT AND MODERN

I T A L Y

C O M P A R E D:

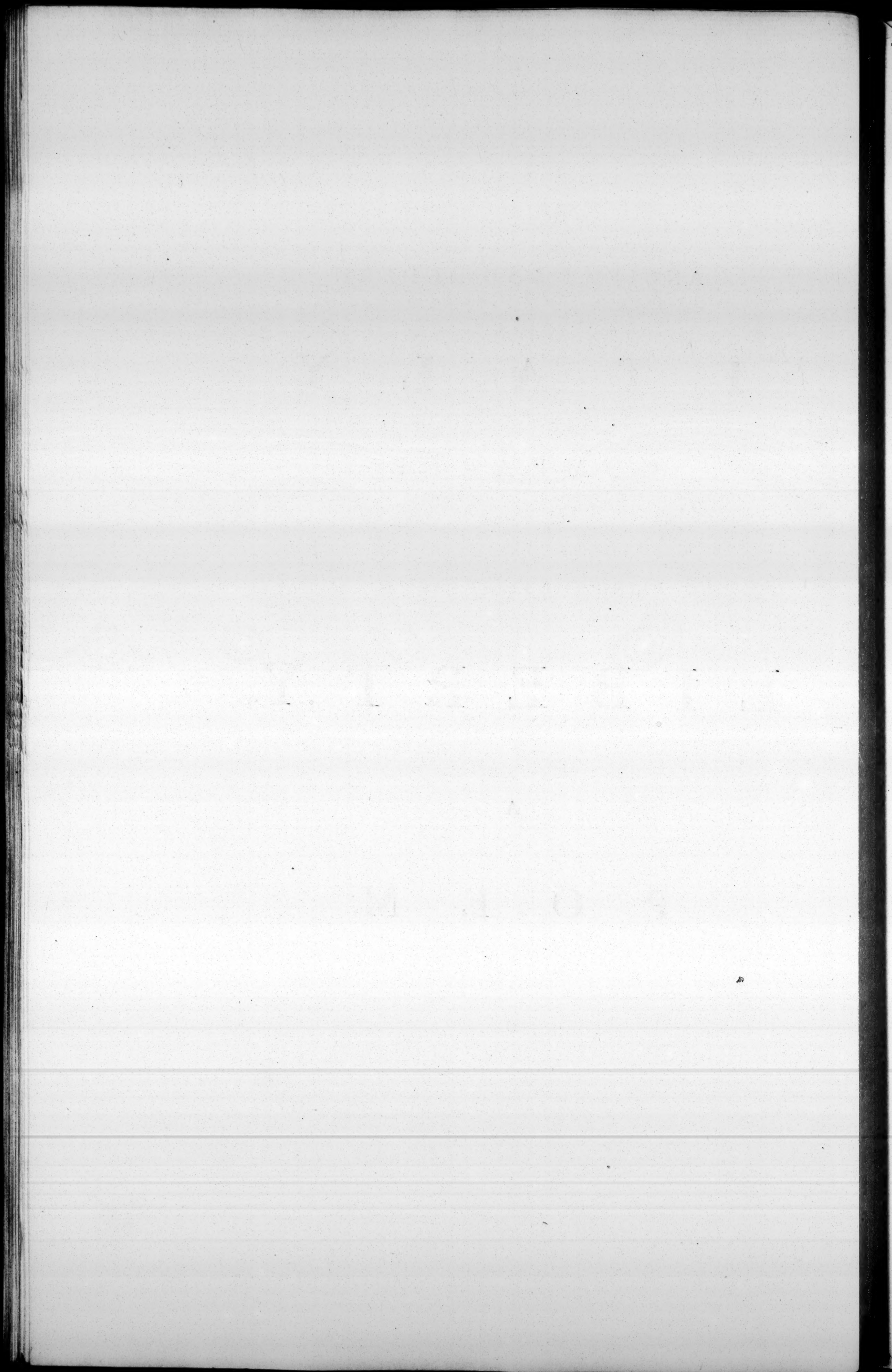
BEING THE FIRST PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.

H



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

F R E D E R I C K,

P R I N C E O F W A L E S.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condescension, that preventing generosity, with which YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following poem under your protection; I can alone ascribe it to the recommendation and influence of the subject. In you the cause and concerns of liberty have so zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the least tendency to promote them, to the distinction of your favour. And who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleasure far superior to that of the fondest author, and of which all true lovers of their country must participate? To behold the noblest dispositions of the prince, and of the patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence, generosity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlight-

D E D I C A T I O N.

ened zeal for liberty, an intimate persuasion that on it depends the happiness and glory both of King and people: to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty, from the first ages, down to her excellent establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it; I have my best reward: particularly, as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

MOST OBEDIENT,

AND MOST DEVOTED SERVANT,

JAMES THOMSON.

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T H E C O N T E N T S.

states of Greece, described; to ver. 164. Influence of Liberty over all the Grecian states; with regard to their Government, their Politeness, their Virtues, their Arts and Sciences. The vast superiority it gave them, in point of force and bravery, over the Persians, exemplified by the action of Thermopylae, the battle of Marathon, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand. Its full exertion, and most beautiful effects in Athens; to ver. 216. Liberty the source of free philosophy. The various schools which took their rise from Socrates; to ver. 257. Enumeration of Fine Arts: Eloquence, Poetry, Music, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture; the effects of Liberty in Greece, and brought to their utmost perfection there; to ver. 381. Transition to the modern state of Greece; to ver. 411. Why Liberty declined, and was at last entirely lost among the Greeks; to ver. 472. Concluding Reflection.

P A R T III.

AS this Part contains a description of the establishment of Liberty in Rome, it begins with a view of the Grecian colonies settled in the southern parts of Italy, which with Sicily constituted the Great Greece of the Ancients. With these colonies the Spirit of Liberty, and of Republics, spread over Italy; to ver. 32. Transition to Pythagoras and his philosophy, which he taught through those free states and cities; to ver. 71. Amidst the many small Republics in Italy, Rome the destined seat of Liberty. Her establishment there dated from the expulsion of the Tarquins. How differing from that in Greece; to ver. 88. Reference to a view of the Roman Republic given in the first part of this Poem: to mark its Rise and Fall, the peculiar purport of this. During its first ages, the greatest force of Liberty, and Virtue, exerted; to ver. 103. The source whence derived the Heroic Virtues of the Romans. Enumeration of these virtues. Thence their security at home; their glory, success, and empire, abroad; to ver. 226. Bounds of the Roman empire geographically described; to ver. 257. The states of Greece restored to Liberty, by Titus Quintus Flaminius, the highest instance of pu-

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blic generosity and beneficence ; to ver. 328. The loss of Liberty in Rome. Its causes, progress, and completion in the death of Brutus ; to ver. 485. Rome under the emperors ; to ver. 513. From Rome the Goddess of Liberty goes among the Northern Nations ; where, by infusing into them her spirit and general principles, she lays the ground-work of her future establishments ; sends them in vengeance on the Roman empire, now totally enslaved ; and then, with Arts and Sciences in her train, quits earth during the dark ages ; to ver. 550. The celestial regions, to which Liberty retired, not proper to be opened to the view of mortals.

P A R T IV.

DIFFERENCE betwixt the Ancients and Moderns slightly touched upon ; to ver. 30. Description of the dark ages. The Goddess of Liberty, who during these is supposed to have left earth, returns, attended with Arts and Sciences ; to ver. 100. She first descends on Italy. Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture fix at Rome, to revive their several arts by the great models of antiquity there, which many barbarous invasions had not been able to destroy. The revival of these arts marked out. That sometimes arts may flourish for a while under despotic governments, though never the natural and genuine production of them ; to ver. 254. Learning begins to dawn. The Muse and Science attend Liberty, who, in her progress towards Great Britain, raises several free states and cities. These enumerated ; to ver. 381. Author's exclamation of joy, upon seeing the British seas and coast rise in the Vision, which painted whatever the Goddess of Liberty said. She resumes her narration. The Genius of the deep appears, and addressing Liberty, associates Great Britain into his dominion ; to ver. 451. Liberty received and congratulated by Britannia, and the Native Genii or Virtues of the island. These described. Animated by the presence of Liberty, they begin their operations. Their beneficent influence contrasted with the works

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and delusions of opposing Demons; to ver. 626. Concludes with an abstract of the English history, marking the several advances of Liberty, down to her compleat establishment at the Revolution.

P A R T V.

AUTHOR addresses the Goddess of Liberty, marking the happiness and grandeur of Great Britain, as arising from her influence; to ver. 88. She resumes her discourse, and points out the chief Virtues which are necessary to maintain her establishment there; to ver. 374. Recommends, as its last ornament and finishing, Sciences, Fine Arts, and Public Works. The encouragement of these urged from the example of France, though under a despotic government; to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a prospect of future times, given by the Goddess of Liberty: this described by the author, as it passes in Vision before him.

LIBERTY.

PART I.

O My lamented TALBOT! while with thee
The muse gay-rov'd the glad Hesperian round,
And drew the inspiring breath of ancient arts;
Ah! little thought she her returning verse
Should sing our darling subject to thy shade.
And does the mystic veil from mortal beam
Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
And all thy FATHER's candid spirit shone?
The light of reason, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour disdaining blemish, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very soul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn,
My strain; be there absorpt the private tear.

Musing, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks,
 Where at each step imagination burns :
 While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
 Lies, a vast monument, once-glorious Rome,
 The tomb of empire ! ruins ! that efface
 Whate'er of finish'd, modern pomp can boast.

Snatch'd by these wonders to that world where thought
 Unfetter'd ranges, fancy's magic hand
 Led me anew o'er all the solemn scene,
 Still in the mind's pure eye more solemn drest.
 When straight, methought, the fair majestic POWER
 Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not as of old,
 Extended in her hand the cap, and rod,
 Whose slave-enlarging touch gave double life :
 But her bright temples bound with British oak,
 And naval honours noded on her brow.
 Sublime of port : loose o'er her shoulder flow'd
 Her sea-green robe, with constellations gay.
 An island goddess now ; and her high care
 The queen of isles, the mistress of the main.
 My heart beat filial transport at the sight ;
 And, as she mov'd to speak, the awaken'd muse
 Listen'd intense. A while she look'd around,

With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her sighs repressing, thus began.

Mine are these wonders, all thou see'st is mine;
But ah how changed! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once the Ausonian shore.
Look back through time; and, rising from the gloom,
Mark the dread scene, that paints whate'er I say.

The great republic see! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mix'd freedom of a thousand states;
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her fasces aw'd the subject world.
See busy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high:
For Nature then smil'd on her free-born sons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to men.
Behold, the country chearing, villas rise,
In lively prospect; by the secret lapse
Of brooks now lost and streams renown'd in song:
In Umbria's closing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the scented gale:
On Baiae's viny coast; where peaceful seas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiss the shore;
And suns unclouded shine, through purest air:

Or in the spacious neighbourhood of Rome;
Far-shining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar, and Tibur's olive shade;
To where Preneste lifts her airy brow;
Or downward spreading to the sunny shore,
Where Alba breathes the freshness of the main.

See distant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, massy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes sacred, see her roads:
By various nations trod, and suppliant kings;
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.

Full in the center of these wondrous works,
The pride of earth! Rome in her glory see!
Behold her demi-gods, in senate met;
All head to counsel, and all heart to act:
The commonweal inspiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd and bold;
Ere tame corruption taught the servile herd
To rank obedient to a master's voice.

Her forum see, warm, popular, and loud,
In trembling wonder hush'd, when the two SIREs,

As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the state.
See justice judging there, in human shape.
Hark! how with freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in soft murmurs sinks to Tully's tongue.

Her tribes, her census, see; her generous troops,
Whose pay was glory, and their best reward
Free for their country and for ME to die:
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.

Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The highest pomp and lowest fall of life.

Her festive games, the school of heroes, see;
Her circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her streets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair forms, of beauty's eldest born,
And of a people cast in virtue's mold.
While sculpture lives around, and Asian hills
Lend their best stores to heave the pillar'd dome:
All that to Roman strength the softer touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this fun, this center of mankind;
Where every virtue, glory, treasure, art,
Attracted strong, in heightened lustre met.

Need I the contrast mark? unjoyous view!
A land in all, in government, and arts,
In virtue, genius, earth and heaven, revers'd.
Who but these far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people, whose heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little selfish sphere
Of doubting modern life; who but inflam'd
With classic zeal, these consecrated scenes
Of men and deeds to trace; unhappy land,
Would trace thy wilds, and cities loose of sway?

Are these the vales, that, once, exulting states
In their warm bosom fed? the mountains these,
On whose high-blooming sides my sons, of old,
I bred to glory? these dejected towns,
Where, mean, and fordid, life can scarce subsist,
The scenes of ancient opulence and pomp?

Come! by whatever sacred name disguis'd,
OPPRESSION, come! and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richest plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From their chearful bounds,
See raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and seat.
First, rural toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, resign'd the plough;

And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe.
 'Tis thine entire. The lonely swain himself,
 Who loves at large along the grassy downs
 His flocks to pasture, thy drear champion flies.
 Far as the sickening eye can sweep around,
 'Tis all one desert, desolate, and grey;
 Graz'd by the fullen buffalo alone;
 And where the rank uncultivated growth
 Of rotting ages taints the passing gale.
 Beneath the baleful blast the city pines,
 Or sinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
 Beneath it mourns the solitary road,
 Roll'd in rude mazes o'er the abandon'd waste;
 While ancient ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more.
 Such thy dire plains, thou self-destroyer! Foe
 To human-kind! thy mountains too, profuse,
 Where savage nature blooms, seem their sad plaint
 To raise against thy desolating rod.
 There on the breezy brow, where thriving states,
 And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd sun
 Far other scenes of rising culture spread,
 Pale shine thy ragged towns. Neglected round,
 Each harvest pines; the livid, lean produce

Of heartless labour: while thy hated joys,
 Not proper pleasure, lift the lazy hand.
 Better to sink in sloth the woes of life,
 Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
 Hence drooping art almost to nature leaves
 The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
 Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant blush
 Of orchard reddens in the warmest ray.
 To weedy wildness run, no rural wealth
 (Such as dictators fed) the garden pours.
 Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
 Nor juice Coecubian, nor Falernian, more,
 Streams life and joy, save in the Muse's bowl.
 Unseconded by art, the spinning race
 Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
 In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows;
 And flowering plants perfume the desert gale.
 Through the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines.
 Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to song,
 And long a stranger to the hero's brow.

Nor half thy triumph this: cast, from brute fields,
 Into the haunts of men thy ruthless eye.
 There buxom plenty never turns her horn;

The grace and virtue of exterior life,
 No clean convenience reigns; even sleep itself,
 Least delicate of powers, reluctant, there,
 Lays on the bed impure his heavy head.
 Thy horrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd,
 See streets whose echoes never know the voice
 Of chearful hurry, commerce many-tongued,
 And art mechanic at his various task,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding race,
 Of occupation void, as void of hope;
 Hope, the glad ray, glanc'd from ETERNAL GOOD,
 That life enlivens, and exalts its powers,
 With views of fortune---madness all to them!
 By thee relentless seiz'd their better joys,
 To the soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
 Breathing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
 And love and music melt their souls away.
 From feeble justice see how rash revenge,
 Trembling, the balance snatches; and the sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal ruffians gives.
 See where GOD's altar, nursing murder, stands,
 With the red touch of dark assassins stain'd.

But chief let Rome, the mighty city! speak

The full-exerted genius of thy reign.
Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
Expiring nature all corrupted round;
While the lone Tyber, through the desert plain,
Winds his waste stores, and fullen sweeps along.
Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
Mark how the temple glares; and, artful dress'd,
Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
Mark how the palace lifts a lying front,
Concealing often, in magnific jail,
Proud want; a deep unanimated gloom!
And oft adjoining to the drear abode
Of misery, whose melancholy walls
Seem its voracious grandeur to reproach.
Within the city bounds, the desert see.
See the rank vine o'er subterranean roofs,
Indecent, spread; beneath whose fretted gold
It once, exulting, flow'd. The people mark,
Matchless, while fir'd by me; to public good
Inexorably firm, just, generous, brave,
Afraid of nothing but unworthy life,
Elate with glory, an heroic soul
Known to the vulgar breast: behold them now

A thin despairing number, all-subdu'd,
The slaves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
By vice unman'd, and a licentious rule,
In guile ingenious, and in murder brave.
Such in one land, beneath the same fair clime,
Thy sons, OPPRESSION, are; and such were MINE.

Even with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain show
Deluded thousands starve, all age-begrin'd,
Torn, robb'd and scatter'd in unnumber'd facks,
And by the tempest of two thousand years
Continual shaken, let my ruins vie.
These roads that yet the Roman hand assert,
Beyond the weak repair of modern toil;
These fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
No more delighted hear; these rich remains
Of marbles now unknown, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; these massy columns, hew'd
From Afric's farthest shore; one granite all,
These obelisks high-towering to the sky,
Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd

With the fine stores of art-compleating Greece.
 Mine is, besides, thy every later boast :
 Thy BUONAROTIS, thy PALLADIOS mine;
 And mine the fair designs, which RAPHAEL'S soul
 O'er the live canvas, emanating, breath'd.

What would you say, ye conquerors of earth!
 Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head;
 Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
 And the dread toil of ages, won so dear;
 Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
 For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
 You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of fate,
 Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
 Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
 The queen of nations rose; possess'd of all
 Which nature, art, and glory could bestow:
 What would you say, deep in the last abyss
 Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
 Thus to behold her sunk? Your crouded plains,
 Void of their cities; unadorn'd your hills;
 Ungrac'd your lakes; your ports to ships unknown;
 Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams:
 These could you know? these could you love again?

Thy Tibur, HORACE, could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song: while through the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
Yon wild retreat, where superstition dreams,
Could, TULLY, you your Tusculum believe?
And could you deem yon naked hills, that form,
Famed in old song, the ship-forfaken bay,
Your Formian shore? once the delight of earth,
Where art and nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores.
How chang'd, how vacant, VIRGIL, wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? Disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius thundering o'er the coast,
His midnight earthquakes, and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage: that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign, tears without.
First from your flatter'd CAESARS this began:
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin-peopled spreads, at last, the fyren plain,
That the dire foul of Hannibal disarm'd;
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies.

There Baiae sees no more the joyous throng;
Her banks all-beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mix'd, no villas rise;
Nor, art sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend:
No mighty moles the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total desolation sits,
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winters rose,
Rejoicing crouds inhal'd the balm of peace;
Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze;
And where, with Ceres, Bacchus wont to hold
A genial strife. Her youthful form, robust,
Even nature yields; by fire and earthquake rent:
Whole stately cities in the dark abrupt
Swallow'd at once, or vile in rubbish laid,
A nest for serpents; from the rude abyfs
New hills, explosive, thrown; the Lucrine lake
A reedy pool; and all to Cuma's point,

The sea recovering his usurp'd domain,
And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.

Hence, BRITAIN, learn ; my best-establish'd, last,
And more than GREECE, or ROME, my steady reign ;
The land where, king and people equal bound
By guardian laws, my fullest blessings flow ;
And where my jealous unsubmitting soul,
The dread of tyrants ! burns in every breast :
Learn hence, if such the miserable fate
Of an heroic race, the masters once
Of human kind ; what, when depriv'd of ME,
How grievous must be thine ? In spite of climes,
Whose sun-enliven'd ether wakes the soul
To higher powers ; in spite of happy soils,
That, but by labour's slightest aid impell'd,
With treasures teem to thy cold clime unknown ;
If there desponding fail the common arts,
And sustenance of life ; could life itself,
Far less a thoughtless tyrant's hollow pomp,
Subsist with thee ? Against depressing skies,
Join'd to full-spread oppression's cloudy brow,
How could thy spirits hold ? where vigour find,
Forc'd fruits to tear from their unnative soil ?

Or, storing every harvest in thy ports,
To plow the dreadful all-producing wave?

Here paus'd the GODDESS. By the pause assur'd,
In trembling accents thus I mov'd my prayer.

“ Oh first, and most benevolent of powers!

“ Come from eternal splendors, here on earth,

“ Against despotic pride, and rage, and lust,

“ To shield mankind; to raise them to assert

“ The native rights and honour of their race:

“ Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal

“ Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,

“ And with a strain from THEE enrich the Muse.

“ As THEE alone she serves, her patron, THOU,

“ And great inspirer be! then will she joy,

“ Though narrow life her lot, and private shade:

“ And when her venal voice she barter's vile,

“ Or to thy open or thy secret foes;

“ May ne'er these sacred raptures touch her more,

“ By slavish hearts unfelt! and may her song

“ Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew!

“ Vermin of state! to thy o'erflowing light

“ That owe their being, yet betray thy cause.”

Then, condescending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER

Return'd---“ What here, suggested by the scene,
 “ I flight unfold, record, and sing at home,
 “ In that blest isle, where (so we spirits move)
 “ With one quick effort of my will I am.
 “ There TRUTH, unlicens'd, walks; and dares accost
 “ Even kings themselves, the monarchs of the free!
 “ Fix'd on my rock, there, an indulgent race,
 “ O'er BRITONS wield the sceptre of their choice:
 “ And there, to finish what his fires began,
 “ A PRINCE behold! for ME who burns sincere,
 “ Even with a subject's zeal. He my great work
 “ Will parent-like sustain; and added give
 “ The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
 “ For BRITAIN's glory swells his panting breast;
 “ And ancient arts he emulous revolves:
 “ His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
 “ Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
 “ To please his pleasure; bounty his delight;
 “ And all the soul of TITUS dwells in him.”

Hail glorious theme! But how alas! shall verse,
 From the crude stores of mortal language drawn,
 How faint and tedious, sing, what, piercing deep,
 The GODDESS flash'd at once upon my soul.

For, clear precision all, the tongue of gods
Is harmony itself; to every ear
Familiar known, like light to every eye.
Mean time disclosing ages, as she spoke,
In long succession pour'd their empires forth;
Scene after scene the human drama spread;
And still the embodied picture rose to fight.

Oh THOU! to whom the Muses owe their flame;
Who bidst, beneath the pole, Parnassus rise,
And Hippocrené flow; with thy bold ease,
The striking force, the lightning of thy thought,
And thy strong phrase, that rolls profound, and clear;
Oh gracious GODDESS! re-inspire my song;
While I, to nobler than poetic fame
Aspiring, thy commands to BRITONS bear.

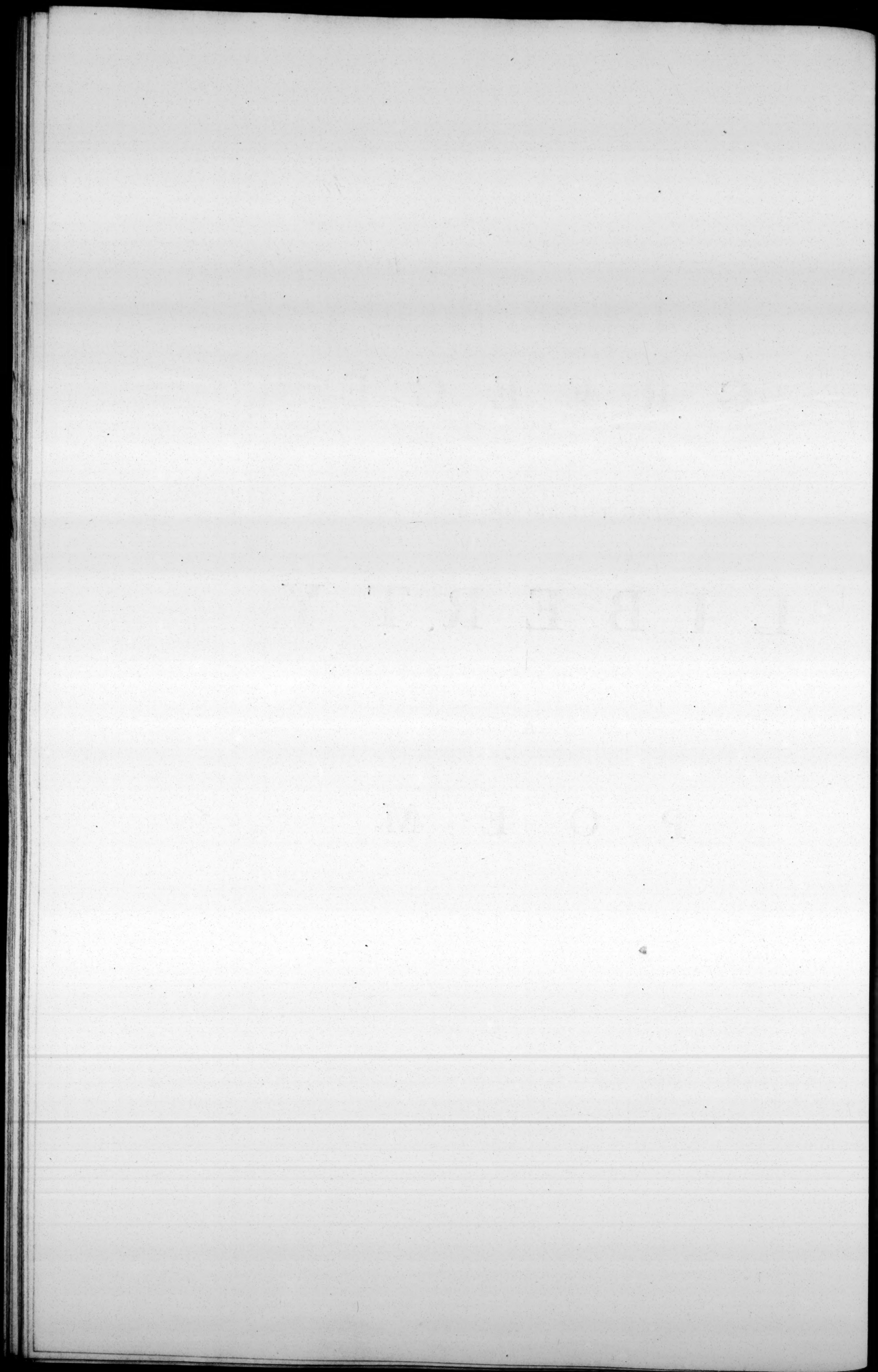
G R E E C E:

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.



LIBERTY.

PART II.

THUS spoke the GODDESS of the fearless eye;
And at her voice, renew'd, the VISION rose.

First, in the dawn of time, with eastern swains,
In woods, and tents, and cottages, I liv'd;
While on from plain to plain they led their flocks,
In search of clearer spring, and fresher field.
These, as increasing families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural portal, palm-o'erspread,
The father-senate met. There justice dealt,
With reason then and equity the same,
Free as the common air, her prompt decree;
Nor yet had stain'd her sword with subjects blood.

The simpler arts were all their simpler wants
 Had urg'd to light. But instant, these supply'd,
 Another set of fonder wants arose,
 And other arts with them of finer aim;
 Till, from refining want to want impell'd,
 The mind by thinking push'd her latent powers,
 And life began to glow, and arts to shine.

At first, on brutes alone the rustic war
 Launch'd the rude spear; swift, as he glar'd along,
 On the grim lion, or the robber-wolf.
 For then young sportive life was void of toil,
 Demanding little, and with little pleas'd:
 But when to manhood grown, and endless joys,
 Led on by equal toils, the bosom fir'd;
 Lewd lazy rapine broke primaeval peace,
 And, hid in caves and idle forests drear,
 From the lone pilgrim and the wand'ring swain,
 Seiz'd what he durst not earn. Then brother's blood
 First, horrid, smoak'd on the polluted skies.
 Awful in justice, then the burning youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men,
 The last worst monsters of the shaggy wood,
 Turn'd the keen arrow, and the sharpen'd spear.

Then war grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
Who scorning coward self, for others liv'd,
Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled.
West with the living day to GREECE I came:
Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
Sonorous flew, that low till then in woods
Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
But now to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd
A nobler note, and bade the banquet burn.

For GREECE my sons of EGYPT I forsook;
A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
And with their river trac'd it from the skies.
While there my laws alone despotic reign'd,
And king, as well as people, proud obey'd;
I taught them science, virtue, wisdom, arts;
By poets, sages, legislatures fought;
The school of polish'd life, and human-kind.
But when mysterious superstition came,
And, with her civil sister leagued, involv'd
In study'd darkness the desponding mind;
Then tyrant power the righteous scourge unloos'd:
For yielded reason speaks the soul a slave.

Instead of useful works, like nature's, great,
 Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the land;
 And round a tyrant's tomb, who none deserv'd,
 For one vile carcase perish'd countless lives.
 Then the great Dragon, couch'd amid his floods,
 Swell'd his fierce heart, and cry'd,---"This flood is mine,
 " 'Tis I that bid it flow."---But, undeceiv'd,
 His frenzy soon the proud blasphemer felt;
 Felt that, without my fertilizing power,
 Suns lost their force, and Niles o'erflow'd in vain.
 Nought could retard me, nor the frugal state
 Of rising Persia, sober in extreme,
 Beyond the pitch of man, and thence revers'd
 Into luxurious waste: nor yet the ports
 Of old PHOENICIA; first for letters fam'd,
 That paint the voice, and silent speak to fight,
 Of arts prime source, and guardian! by fair stars,
 First tempted out into the lonely deep;
 To whom I first disclos'd mechanic arts,
 The winds to conquer, to subdue the waves,
 With all the peaceful power of ruling trade;
 Earnest of BRITAIN. Nor by these retain'd;
 Nor by the neighbouring land, whose palmy shore

The silver Jordan laves. Before me lay
The promis'd LAND OF ARTS, and urg'd my flight.

Hail Nature's utmost boast! unrival'd GREECE!

My fairest reign! where every power benign
Conspir'd to blow the flower of human-kind,
And lavish'd all that genius can inspire:

Clear sunny climates, by the breezy main,
Ionian or Ægean, temper'd kind:

Light, airy soils. A country rich, and gay;
Broke into hills, with balmy odours crown'd,
And, bright with purple harvests, joyous vales.

Mountains, and streams, where verse spontaneous flow'd;
Whence deem'd by wondering men the seat of gods,
And still the mountains and the streams of song.

All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour
Of high materials, and MY restless ARTS
Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
And clustering towns, and monuments of fame,
And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds!
From the rough tract of bending mountains, beat
By Adria's here, there by Ægean waves;
To where the deep-adorning Cyclade Isles
In shining prospect rise, and on the shore

Of farthest Crete refounds the Lybian main!

O'er all two rival'd cities rear'd the brow,
And balanc'd all. Spread on Eurotas' bank,
Amid a circle of soft-rising hills,

The patient SPARTA one: the sober, hard,
And man-subduing city; which no shape
Of pain could conquer, nor of pleasure charm.

LYCURGUS there built on the solid base
Of equal life, so well a temper'd state;
Where mix'd each government in such just poise,
Each power so checking, and supporting each;
That firm for ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
The fort of GREECE, without one giddy hour,
One flock of faction, or of party-rage.

For, drain'd the springs of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root. Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected art, with weedy vice
Confounded, sunk. But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the soil; yet there the calm abode
Of wisdom, virtue, philosophic ease,
Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase,
Confin'd and press'd into Laconic force.
There too, by rooting thence still treacherous self,

The public and the private grew the same.
The children of the nursing public all,
And at its table fed, for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and even for that
The tender mother urg'd her son to die.

Of softer genius, but not less intent
To seize the palm of empire, Athens rose;
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus spread, amid the scented sky,
His thymy treasures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the stores of health.
Wrapt in a soul-attenuating clime,
Between Ilissus and Cephissus glow'd
This hive of science, shedding sweets divine,
Of active arts, and animated arms.
There, passionate for ME, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft on the brink
Of ruin, hurried by the charm of speech,
Enforcing hasty council immature,
Totter'd the rash democracy; unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,

And part or fierce with want or abject grown.

SOLON, at last, their mild restorer, rose:

Allay'd the tempest; to the calm of laws

Reduc'd the settling whole; and, with the weight

Which the two senates to the public lent,

As with an anchor fix'd the driving state.

Nor was my forming care to these confin'd.

For emulation through the whole I pour'd,

Noble contention! who should most excel

In government well-pois'd, adjusted best

To public weal: in countries cultur'd high:

In ornamented towns, where order reigns,

Free social life, and polish'd manners fair:

In exercise, and arms; arms only drawn

For common GREECE, to quell the Persian pride:

In moral science, and in graceful arts.

Hence, as for glory peacefully they strove,

The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.

By contest brighten'd, hence the radiant youth

Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,

Felt every ardor burn: their great reward

The verdant wreath, which founding Pisa gave.

Hence flourish'd GREECE; and hence a race of men,

As gods by conscious future times ador'd;
 In whom each virtue wore a smiling air,
 Each science shed o'er life a friendly light,
 Each art was nature. SPARTAN valour hence,
 At the fam'd pass, firm as an isthmus stood;
 And the whole eastern ocean, waving far
 As eye could dart its vision, nobly check'd.
 While in extended battle, at the field
 Of Marathon, my keen ATHENIANS drove
 Before their ardent band an host of slaves.

Hence through the continent ten thousand GREEKS
 Urg'd a retreat, whose glory not the prime
 Of victories can reach. Desarts, in vain,
 Oppos'd their course; and hostile lands, unknown;
 And deep rapacious floods, dire-bank'd with death;
 And mountains, in whose jaws destruction grin'd;
 Hunger, and toil; Armenian snows, and storms;
 And circling myriads still of barbarous foes.
 GREECE in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
 Their steady column pierc'd the scattering herds,
 Which a whole empire pour'd; and held its way
 Triumphant, by the SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF
 Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh light and force of mind,

Almost almighty in severe extremes!
 The sea at last from Colchian mountains seen,
 Kind-hearted transport round their captains threw;
 The soldiers fond embrace; o'erflowed their eyes
 With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
 To cries resounding loud,---The sea! The sea!

In Attic bounds hence heroes, sages, wits,
 Shone thick as stars, the milky way of GREECE!
 And though gay wit, and pleasing grace was theirs,
 All the soft modes of elegance, and ease;
 Yet was not courage less, the patient touch
 Of toiling art, and disquisition deep.

My SPIRIT pours a vigour through the soul,
 The unfetter'd thought with energy inspires,
 Invincible in arts, in the bright field
 Of nobler science, as in that of arms.

ATHENIANS thus not less intrepid burst
 The bonds of tyrant darkness, than they spurn'd
 The Persian chains: while through the city, full
 Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
 Incessant struggled taste refining taste,
 And friendly free discussion, calling forth
 From the fair jewel TRUTH its latent ray.

O'er all shone out the great ATHENIAN SAGE,
And father of philosophy: the sun,
From whose white blaze emerg'd, each various sect
Took various tints, but with diminish'd beam.
Tutor of ATHENS! he, in every street,
Dealt priceless treasure: goodness his delight,
Wisdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep through the human heart, with playful art,
His simple question stole; as into truth,
And serious deeds, he smil'd the laughing race;
Taught moral happy life, whate'er can bless,
Or grace mankind; and what he taught he was.
Compounded high, though plain, his doctrine broke
In different SCHOOLS. The bold poetic phrase
Of figur'd PLATO; XENOPHON's pure strain,
Like the clear brook that steals along the vale;
Dissecting truth, the STAGYRITE's keen eye;
The exalted STOIC pride; the CYNIC sneer;
The slow-consenting ACADEMIC doubt;
And, joining bless to virtue, the glad ease
Of EPICURUS, seldom understood.
They, ever-candid, reason still oppos'd
To reason; and, since virtue was their aim,

Each by sure practice try'd to prove his way
 The best. Then stood untouch'd the solid base
 Of Liberty, the Liberty of Mind:
 For systems yet, and soul-enflaving creeds,
 Slept with the monsters of succeeding times.
 From priestly darkness sprung the enlightening arts
 Of fire, and sword, and rage, and horrid names.

O GREECE! thou sapient nurse of FINER ARTS!
 Which to bright science blooming fancy bore,
 Be this thy praise, that thou, and thou alone,
 In these hast led the way, in these excell'd,
 Crown'd with the laurel of assenting time.

In thy full language, speaking mighty things;
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rowling on
 Through all the winding harmony of sound:
 In it the power of ELOQUENCE, at large,
 Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic soul;
 Still'd by degrees the democratic storm,
 Or bade it threatening rise, and tyrants shook,
 Flush'd at the head of their victorious troops.
 In it the Muse, her fury never quench'd,
 By mean unyielding phrase, or jarring sound,

Her unconfin'd divinity display'd;
 And, still harmonious, form'd it to her will:
 Or soft depress'd it to the shepherd's moan,
 Or rais'd it swelling to the tongue of gods.

Heroic song was thine; the FOUNTAIN-BARD,
 Whence each poetic stream derives its course.
 Thine the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
 Where idle fancy durst not mix her voice,
 When reason spoke august; the fervent heart
 Or plain'd, or storm'd; and in the impassion'd man,
 Concealing art with art, the poet sunk.
 This potent school of manners, but when left
 To loose neglect, a land-corrupting plague,
 Was not unworthy deem'd of public care,
 And boundless cost, by thee; whose every son,
 Even last mechanic, the true taste possess'd
 Of what had flavour to the nourish'd soul.

The sweet enforcer of the poet's strain,
 Thine was the meaning MUSIC of the heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears;
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul.

Thy fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
By love imagin'd, by the graces touch'd,
The boast of well-pleas'd Nature! SCULPTURE seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in Parian stone.
Selecting beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific hand
Peoples a nation; they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Through the live features of one breathing stone.
There, beaming full, it shone; expressing gods:
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of sinew'd Mars,
Or the sly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! Each dimple sunk,
And every muscle swell'd, as nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose robes, or thin transparent veils;
Sprung into motion; soften'd into flesh;
Was fir'd to passion, or refin'd to soul.
Nor less thy PENCIL, with creative touch,

Shed mimic life, when all thy brightest dames,
 Assembled, ZEUXIS in his HELEN mix'd.
 And when APOLLO, who peculiar knew
 To give a grace that more than mortal smil'd,
 The soul of beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
 Fresh from the billows, blushing orient charms.
 Even such enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
 That cruel-thoughted war the impatient torch
 Dash'd to the ground; and, rather than destroy
 The patriot picture, let the city scape.

First elder Sculpture taught her Sister Art
 Correct design; where great ideas shone,
 And in the secret trace expression spoke:
 Taught her the graceful attitude; the turn,
 And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
 Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,
 The swelling mantle's well-adjusted flow.
 Then the bright Muse, their eldest sister, came;
 And bade her follow where she led the way:
 Bade earth, and sea, and air, in colours rise;
 And copious action on the canvas glow:
 Gave her gay fable; spread invention's store;
 Inlarg'd her view; taught composition high,

And just arrangement, circling round one point,
That starts to fight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muse a nobler aim,
And scorning the soft trade of meer delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticos, and schools,
Heroic deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd
Each moral beauty to the ravish'd eye.
There, as the imagin'd presence of the god
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm contemplation, or assembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the sage,
The living lesson stole into the heart,
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
These rouse to glory; while, to rural life,
The softer canvas oft repos'd the soul.
There gayly broke the sun-illumin'd cloud;
The lessening prospect, and the mountain blue,
Vanish'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White, down the rock, the rushing torrent dash'd;
The sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant main;
The tempest foam'd, immense; the driving storm
Sadden'd the skies, and, from the doubling gloom,
On the scath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;

In closing shades, and where the current strays,
 With peace, and love, and innocence around,
 Pip'd the lone shepherd to his feeding flock :
 Round happy parents smil'd their younger selves ;
 And friends convers'd, by death divided long.

To public virtue thus the smiling arts,
 Unblemish'd handmaids, serv'd ; the Graces they
 To dress this fairest Venus. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the reach of fordid care,
 The high awarders of immortal fame,
 Alone for glory thy great masters strove ;
 Courted by kings, and by contending states
 Assum'd the boasted honour of their birth.

IN ARCHITECTURE too thy rank supreme !
 That art where most magnificent appears
 The little builder man ; by thee refin'd,
 And, smiling high, to full perfection brought.
 Such thy sure rules, that Goths of every age,
 Who scorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
 With labour'd heavy monuments of shame.
 Not those gay domes that o'er thy splendid shore
 Shot, all proportion, up. First unadorn'd,
 And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose ;

The Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
 Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant last,
 The rich Corinthian spread her wanton wreath.
 The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
 By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
 Form'd to repel the still or stormy waste
 Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
 That from the magic wand aerial rise.

These were the wonders that illumin'd GREECE,
 From end to end---Here interrupting warm,
 Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GODDESS, where?
 And what the land thy darling thus of old?
 Sunk! she resum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
 Of superstition, and of slavery, sunk!
 No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
 By loose dejected sloth and servile fear;
 No science pierce the darkness of their minds;
 No nobler art the quick ambitious soul
 Of imitation in their breast awake.
 Even, to supply the needful arts of life,
 Mechanic toil denies the hopeless hand.
 Scarce any trace remaining, vestige grey,
 Or nodding column on the desert shore,
 To point where Corinth, or where Athens stood.

A faithless land of violence, and death!
 Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the shore;
 And his wild impulse curious search restrains,
 Afraid to trust the inhospitable clime.
 Neglected nature fails; in fordid want
 Sunk, and debas'd their beauty beams no more.
 The sun himself seems, angry, to regard,
 Of light unworthy, the degenerate race;
 And fires them oft with pestilential rays:
 While earth, blue poison steaming on the skies,
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled sides.
 But as from man to man, fate's first decree,
 Impartial death the tide of riches rolls,
 So states must die, and LIBERTY go round.

Fierce was the stand, ere virtue, valour, arts,
 And the soul fir'd by ME (that often, stung
 With thoughts of better times and old renown,
 From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land)
 Lay quite extinct in GREECE, their works effac'd
 And gross o'er all unfeeling bondage spread.
 Sooner I mov'd my much-reluctant flight,
 Pois'd on the doubtful wing: when GREECE with GREECE
 Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
 For common glory, and for common weal:

But, false to freedom, fought to quell the free;
 Broke the firm band of peace, and sacred love,
 That lent the whole irrefragable force;
 And, as around the partial trophy blush'd,
 Prepar'd the way for total overthrow.
 Then to the Persian power, whose pride they scorn'd,
 When XERXES pour'd his millions o'er the land,
 Sparta, by turns, and Athens, vilely sued;
 Sued to be venal parricides, to spill
 Their country's bravest blood, and on themselves
 To turn their matchless mercenary arms.
 Peaceful in Susa, then, sat the great king;
 And by the trick of treaties, the still waste
 Of sly corruption, and barbaric gold,
 Effected what his steel could ne'er perform.
 Profuse he gave them the luxurious draught,
 Inflaming all the land: unballanc'd wide
 Their tottering states; their wild assemblies rul'd,
 As the winds turn at every blast the seas:
 And by their lifted orators, whose breath
 Still with a factious storm infested GREECE,
 Rous'd them to civil war, or dash'd them down
 To fordid peace---Peace! that, when Sparta shook
 Astonish'd ARTAXERXES on his throne,

Gave up, fair-spread o'er Asia's sunny shore,
 Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a thought
 In Spartan hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring Athens rear again her walls;
 And the pale fury fir'd them, once again
 To crush this rival city to the dust.
 For now no more the noble social soul
 Of LIBERTY my families combin'd;
 But by short views, and selfish passions, broke,
 Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
 They mix'd severe, and wag'd eternal war:
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted force;
 Nor, with false glory, discord, madness blind,
 Saw how the blackening storm from Thracia came.
 Long years roll'd on, by many a battle stain'd,
 The blush and boast of fame! where courage, art,
 And military glory shone supreme:
 But let detesting ages, from the scene
 Of GREECE self-mangled, turn the sickening eye.
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand wounds,
 She felt her spirits fail; and in the dust
 Her latest heroes, NICIAS, CONON, lay,

AGESILAUS, and the THEBAN FRIENDS:

The Macedonian vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire scent of Cheronaëa lur'd,
And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless prey.

Thus tame submitted to the victor's yoke
GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;
For every grace, and muse, and science born;
With arts of war, of government, elate;
To tyrants dreadful, dreadful to the best;
Whom I MYSELF could scarcely rule: and thus
The Persian fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.

Unless CORRUPTION first deject the pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was freedom overcome.
But soon as INDEPENDANCE stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants;
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
These heighten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds:
From man to man the slackening ruin runs,
Till the whole state unnerv'd in SLAVERY sinks.

R O M E:

BEING THE THIRD PART OF

L I B E R T Y,

A

P O E M.



LIBERTY.

PART III.

HERE melting mix'd with air the ideal forms,
That painted still whate'er the GODDESS sung.
Then I, impatient.---“ From extinguish'd GREECE,
“ To what new region stream'd the human day?”
She softly sighing, as when Zephyr leaves,
Resign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Resum'd.---Indignant, these last scenes I fled;
And long ere then, Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All LATIUM stood arous'd. Ages before,
Great mother of republics! GREECE had pour'd,
Swarm after swarm, her ardent youth around.
On Asia, Afric, Sicily, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding shore;
Where, from Lacinium to Etrurian vales,

They roll'd increasing colonies along,
 And lent materials for my ROMAN REIGN.
 With them my spirit spread; and numerous states,
 And cities rose, on Grecian models form'd;
 As its parental policy, and arts,
 Each had imbib'd. Besides, to each assign'd
 A guardian genius, o'er the public weal,
 Kept an unclosing eye; try'd to sustain,
 Or more sublime, the soul infus'd by ME:
 And strong the battle rose, with various wave,
 Against the tyrant demons of the land.
 Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew;
 Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
 But almost all below the proud regard
 Of story vow'd to ROME, on deeds intent
 That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.

Not so the SAMIAN SAGE; to him belongs
 The brightest witness of recording fame.
 For these free states his native isle forsook,
 And a vain tyrant's transitory smile,
 He fought Crotona's pure salubrious air,
 And through Great Greece his gentle wisdom taught;
 Wisdom that calm'd for listening years the mind,

Nor ever heard amid the storm of zeal.
His mental eye first launch'd into the deeps
Of boundless ether; where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, through the pathless sky
Unerring roll, and wind their steady way.
There he the full consenting choir beheld;
There first discern'd the secret band of love;
The kind attraction, that to central suns
Binds circling earths, and world with world unites.
Instructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving, all-informing GOD,
The sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd
Light, life, and love, and ever-active power:
Whom nought can image, and who best approves
The silent worship of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous heaven, and spreads the joy.
Nor scorn'd the soaring sage to stoop to life,
And bound his reason to the sphere of man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name;
Inspir'd the study of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws devis'd
Where with enlighten'd justice mercy mix'd.
He even, into his tender system, took

Whatever shares the brotherhood of life :
 He taught that life's indissoluble flame,
 From brute to man, and man to brute again,
 For ever shifting, runs the eternal round ;
 Thence try'd against the blood-polluted meal,
 And limbs yet quivering with some kindred soul,
 To turn the human heart. Delightful truth !
 Had he beheld the living chain ascend,
 And not a circling form but rising whole.

Amid these small republics one arose,
 On yellow Tyber's bank, almighty ROME,
 Fated for ME. A nobler spirit warm'd
 Her sons ; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler still
 It burn'd in BRUTUS ; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
 With all their crimes ; bade radiant auras rise,
 And the long honours of the consul-line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
 Of GREECE I vary'd ; whose unmixing states,
 By the keen soul of emulation pierc'd,
 Long wag'd alone the bloodless war of arts,
 And their best empire gain'd. But to diffuse
 O'er men an empire was my purpose now :
 To let my martial majesty abroad ;

Into the vortex of one state to draw
 The whole mix'd force, and liberty, on earth;
 To conquer tyrants, and set nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
 A broken view of this my amplest reign.
 Now, while its first, last, periods you survey,
 Mark how it lab'ring rose, and rapid fell.

When ROME in noon-tide empire grasp'd the world,
 And, soon as her resistless legions shone,
 The nations stoop'd around; though then appear'd
 Her grandeur most, yet in her dawn of power,
 By many a jealous equal people press'd,
 Then was the toil, the mighty struggle then;
 Then for each Roman I an hero told;
 And every passing fun, and Latian scene,
 Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
 That or surpass the faith of modern times,
 Or, if believ'd, with sacred horror strike.

For then, to prove my most exalted power,
 I to the point of full perfection push'd,
 To fondness, and enthusiastic zeal,
 The great, the reigning passion of the free.
 That godlike passion! which, the bounds of self

Divinely bursting, the whole public takes
 Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
 With the mix'd ardor of unnumber'd selves;
 Of all who safe beneath the voted laws
 Of the same parent state, fraternal, live.
 From this kind fun of moral nature flow'd
 Virtues, that shine the light of human-kind,
 And, ray'd through story, warm remotest time.
 These virtues too, reflected to their source,
 Encreas'd its flame. The social charm went round,
 The fair idea, more attractive still,
 As more by virtue mark'd; till Romans, all
 One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
 The voice of pleading nature was not heard;
 And in their hearts the fathers throb'd no more:
 Stern to themselves, but gentle to the whole.
 Hence sweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
 Patience, that baffled fortune's utmost rage;
 High-minded hope, which at the lowest ebb,
 When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannae bled,
 The bravest impulse felt, and scorn'd despair.
 Hence moderation a new conquest gain'd;

As on the vanquish'd, like descending heaven,
Their dewy mercy drop'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hands were crowns bestow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no season pierce.
Hence, INDEPENDANCE, with his little pleas'd
Serene, and self-sufficient, like a god;
In whom CORRUPTION could not lodge one charm,
While he his honest roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field,
The man maintain'd, the Roman's splendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd:
Or ready, a rough swain, to guide the plough;
Or else, the purple o'er his shoulder thrown,
In long majestic flow, to rule the state,
With wisdom's purest eye; or, clad in steel,
To drive the steady battle on the foe.
Hence every passion, even the proudest, stoop'd,
To common-good: CAMILLUS, thy revenge;
Thy glory, FABIVS. All submissive hence,
Consuls, dictators, still resign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Though conquest o'er them clap'd her eagle-wings,

Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her snowy steeds
 To the triumphal car; soon as expir'd
 The latest hour of sway, taught to submit,
 (A harder lesson than to command)
 Into the private Roman sunk the chief.
 If ROME was serv'd, and glorious, careless they
 By whom. Their country's fame they deem'd their own;
 And above envy, in a rival's train,
 Sung the loud IÖS by themselves deserv'd.
 Hence matchless courage. On Cremera's bank,
 Hence fell the FABII; hence the DECII dy'd;
 And CURTIUS plung'd into the flaming gulph.
 Hence REGULUS the wavering fathers firm'd,
 By dreadful counsel never given before;
 For Roman honour sued, and his own doom.
 Hence he sustain'd to dare a death prepar'd
 By Punic rage. On earth his manly look
 Relentless fix'd, he from a last embrace,
 By chains polluted, put his wife aside,
 His little children climbing for a kiss;
 Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
 A new illustrious exile! press'd along.
 Nor less impatient did he pierce the crouds

Opposing his return, than if, escap'd
 From long litigious suits, he glad forfook
 The noisy town a while and city cloud,
 To breathe Venafrian, or Tarentine air.
 Need I these high particulars recount?
 The meanest bosom felt a thirst for fame;
 Flight their worst death, and shame their only fear.
 Life had no charms, nor any terrors fate,
 When ROME and glory call'd. But, in one view,
 Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd times.
 Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a crime:
 Aftrea reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
 To bind a race elated with the pride
 Of virtue, and disdaining to descend
 To meanness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
 While war around them rag'd, in happy ROME
 All peaceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
 That often hang on freedom's jealous brow;
 And fair unblemish'd centuries elaps'd,
 When not a Roman bled but in the field.
 Their virtue such, that an unballanc'd state,
 Still between noble and Plebeian tost,
 As flow'd the wave of fluctuating power,

Was thence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
 Rode out the storms. Oft though the native feuds,
 That from the first their constitution shook,
 (A latent ruin, growing as it grew)
 Stood on the threatening point of civil war
 Ready to rush: yet could the lenient voice
 Of wisdom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
 Those sons of virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
 Unpetrify'd by self, so naked lay
 And sensible to truth, that o'er the rage
 Of giddy faction, by oppression swell'd,
 Prevail'd a simple fable, and at once
 To peace recover'd the divided state.
 But if their often-cheated hopes refus'd
 The soothing touch; still, in the love of ROME,
 The dread dictator found a sure resource.
 Was she assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
 One common quarrel wide inflam'd the whole.
 Foes in the forum in the field were friends,
 By social danger bound; each fond for each,
 And for their dearest country all, to die.

Thus up the hill of empire slow they toil'd:
 Till, the bold summit gain'd, the thousand states

Of proud I T A L I A blended into one;
Then o'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
And touch'd the limits of the failing world.

Let fancy's eye the distant lines unite.
See that which borders wild the western main,
Where storms at large resound, and tides immense:
From Caledonia's dim caerulean coast,
And moist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd
Amid the restless clouds and leaning heaven,
Hangs o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
Mark that oppos'd, where first the springing morn
Her roses sheds, and shakes around her dews:
From the dire desarts by the Caspian lav'd,
To where the Tygris and Euphrates, join'd,
Impetuous tear the Babylonian plain;
And blest Arabia aromatic breathes.
See that dividing far the watry north,
Parent of floods! from the majestic Rhine,
Drunk by Batavian meads, to where, seven-mouth'd,
In Euxine waves the flashing Danube roars;
To where the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
The dead Meotic pool, or the long Rha,
In the black Scythian sea his torrent throws.

Last, that beneath the burning zone behold.
 See where it runs, from the deep-loaded plains
 Of Mauritania to the Lybian sands,
 Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
 A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh;
 And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
 To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
 His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
 In this vast space what various tongues, and states!
 What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas!
 What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!

O'er GREECE descended chief, with stealth divine,
 The Roman bounty in a flood of day:
 As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
 Her full-assembled youth innumerable swarm'd.
 On a tribunal rais'd FLAMINIUS sat;
 A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
 Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
 The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
 In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
 While sport alone their unambitious hearts
 Possess'd; the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
 Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.

Then thus a herald.---“ To the states of G R E E C E
 “ The R O M A N P E O P L E, unconfin’d, restore
 “ Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws :
 “ Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw.”
 The croud astonish’d half, and half inform’d,
 Star’d dubious round ; some question’d, some exclaim’d,
 (Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
 Is lost in anxious joy) be that again,
 Be that again proclaim’d, distinct, and loud.
 Loud, and distinct, it was again proclaim’d ;
 And still as midnight in the rural shade,
 When the gale slumbers, they the words devour’d.
 A while severe amazement held them mute,
 Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven
 From many a thousand hearts extatic sprung.
 On every hand rebellow’d to their joy
 The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills :
 Through all her turrets stately Corinth shook ;
 And, from the void above of shatter’d air,
 The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
 What piercing bliss ! how keen a sense of fame,
 Did then, F L A M I N I U S, reach thy inmost soul ?
 And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then

Escape the fondness of transported GREECE?
 Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
 They left the sports; like bacchanals they flew,
 Each other straining in a strict embrace,
 Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
 Round the proconsul's tent repeated rung.
 Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;
 And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
 Their raptures wak'd anew.---“ Ye gods! they cry'd,
 “ Ye guardian gods of GREECE! And are we free?
 “ Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
 “ And is it true? How did we purchase chains?
 “ At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
 “ And are they now dissolv'd? And scarce one drop
 “ For the fair first of blessings have we paid?
 “ Courage, and conduct, in the doubtful field,
 “ When rages wide the storm of mingling war,
 “ Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
 “ To turn success, and conquest, rarer still:
 “ That the great gods and Romans only know.
 “ Lives there on earth, almost to GREECE unknown,
 “ A people so magnanimous, to quit
 “ Their native soil, traverse the stormy deep,

" And by their blood and treasure, spent for us,
 " Redeem our states, our liberties, and laws!
 " There does! there does! Oh saviour TITUS! ROME!"
 Thus through the happy night they pour'd their souls,
 And in my last reflected beams rejoic'd.
 As when the shepherd, on the mountain brow,
 Sits piping to his flocks, and gamesome kids;
 Mean time the sun, beneath the green earth sunk,
 Slants upward o'er the scene a parting gleam:
 Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
 Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the swain;
 To western worlds irrevocable roll'd,
 Rapid, the source of light recalls his ray.

Here interposing I.---" Oh QUEEN of men!
 " Beneath whose sceptre in essential rights
 " Equal they live; though plac'd, for common good,
 " Various, or in subjection or command;
 " And that by common choice: alas! the scene,
 " With virtue, freedom, and with glory bright,
 " Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
 Thus SHE pursu'd.---Near this great aera, ROME
 Began to feel the swift approach of fate,
 That now her vitals gain'd: still more and more

Her deep divisions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and defolation charg'd.
From an unequal ballance of her fons
These fierce contentions sprung; and, as encreas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. INDEPENDANCE fail'd;
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue funk,
As, with the sliding rock, the pile sustain'd.
A last attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made,
To fix the flying scale, and poise the state.
On one side swell'd Aristocratic pride;
With usury, the villain! whose fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baseness the free soul;
And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! While on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd;
Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconstant, blind,
Deserting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd
Their headlong fury, but, of him depriv'd,
Already slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

This firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose; that (like an oak,
 Nurs'd on feracious Algidum, whose boughs
 Still stronger shoot beneath the rigid axe)
 By loss, by slaughter, from the steel itself,
 Even force and spirit drew; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, pin'd.
 Nought now her weighty legions could oppose;
 Her terror once, on Afric's tawny shore,
 Now smok'd in dust, a stabling now for wolves;
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Besides, destructive, from the conquer'd east,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 That pestilence of mind, a fever'd thirst
 For the false joys which luxury prepares.
 Unworthy joys! that wasteful leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth,
 And wealth-acquiring powers: while stupid self,
 Of narrow gust, and hebetating sense
 Devour the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence Roman virtue slacken'd into sloth;

Security relax'd the softening state;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd.
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 And public weal no more: but party rag'd;
 And partial power, and licence unrestrain'd,
 Let discord through the deathful city loose.
 First, mild TIBERIUS, on thy sacred head
 The fury's vengeance fell; the first, whose blood
 Had since the consuls stain'd contending ROME.
 Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
 Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
 Three thousand more: till, into battles turn'd
 Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
 The forum and comitia horrid grew,
 A scene of barter'd power, or reeking gore.
 When, half-asham'd, CORRUPTION's thievish arts,
 And ruffian force begin to sap the mounds
 And majesty of laws; if not in time
 Repress'd severe, for human aid too strong
 The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus luxury, dissension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless Pleasure and of boundless wealth,
 Want wishing change, and waste repairing war,

Rapine for ever lost to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuse of blood revenge,
CORRUPTION all-avow'd, and lawless force,
Each heightening each, alternate shook the state.
Mean time ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And spoil of nations, in one circling blast
Combin'd in various storm, and from its base
The broad REPUBLIC tore. By virtue built
It touch'd the skies, and spread o'er shelter'd earth
An ample roof: by virtue too sustain'd,
And ballanc'd steady, every tempest sung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer stand.
But when, with sudden and enormous change,
The first of mankind sunk into the last,
As once in virtue so in vice extreme,
This universal fabric yielded loose,
Before ambition still; and thundering down,
At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a world.
A conquering people, to themselves a prey,
Must ever fall; when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine savage grown, can find
No land to sack and pillage but their own.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, first
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began, and this, or that,
 (Deep-drenching their revenge) nor virtue spar'd,
 Nor sex, nor age, nor quality, nor name;
 Till ROME, into an human shambles turn'd,
 Made desarts lovely.---Oh to well-earn'd chains
 Devoted race!---If no true ROMAN then,
 No SCÆVOLA there was, to raise for ME
 A vengeful hand: was there no father, robb'd
 Of blooming youth to prop his wither'd age?
 No son, a witness to his hoary fire
 In dust and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
 No wretch, that doubtful trembled for himself?
 None brave, or wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
 Who, heaping horror round, no more deserv'd
 The sacred shelter of the laws he spurn'd?
 No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat;
 And nerveless fear. The slave's asylum theirs:
 Or flight, ill-judging, that the timid back
 Turns weak to slaughter; or partaken guilt.
 In vain from SYLLA's vanity I drew
 An unexampled deed. The power resign'd,

And all unhop'd the common-wealth restor'd,
 Amaz'd the public, and effac'd his crimes.
 Through streets yet streaming from his murderous hand
 Unarm'd he stray'd, unguarded, unaffail'd,
 And on the bed of peace his ashes laid;
 A grace, which I to his demission gave.
 But with him dy'd not the despotic soul.
 Ambition saw that stooping ROME could bear
 A MASTER, nor had virtue to be free.
 Hence, for succeeding years, my troubled reign
 No certain peace, no spreading prospect knew.
 Destruction gather'd round. Still the black soul,
 Or of a CATILINE, or RULLUS, swell'd
 With fell designs: and all the watchful art
 Of CICERO demanded, all the force,
 All the state-weilding magic of his tongue;
 And all the thunder of my CATO's zeal.
 With these I linger'd; till the flame anew
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the world.
 The shameful contest sprung; to whom mankind
 Should yield the neck: to POMPEY, who conceal'd
 A rage impatient of an equal name;
 Or to the nobler CAESAR, on whose brow

O'er daring vice de~~cl~~ing virtue smil'd,
 And who no less a vain superior scorn'd.
 Both bled, but bled in vain. New traitors rose.
 "The venal WILL be bought, the base have lords."
 To these vile wars I left ambitious slaves;
 And from Philippi's field, from where in dust
 The last of Romans, matchless BRUTUS! lay,
 Spread to the north untam'd a rapid wing.

What though the first smooth CAESARS arts caress'd,
 Merit, and virtue, simulating ME?
 Severely tender! cruelly humane!
 The chain to clinch, and make it softer fit
 On the new-broken still ferocious state.
 From the dark third, succeeding, I beheld
 The imperial monsters all.---A race on earth
 Vindictive sent, the scourge of human-kind!
 Whose blind profusion drain'd a bankrupt world;
 Whose lust to forming nature seems disgrace;
 And whose infernal rage bade every drop
 Of ancient blood, that yet retain'd my flame,
 To that of PAETUS, in the peaceful bath,
 Or ROME's affrighted streets, inglorious flow.
 But almost just the meanly-patient death,

That waits a tyrant's unprevented stroke.
 TITUS indeed gave one short evening gleam;
 More cordial felt, as in the midst it spread
 Of storm, and horror. The delight of men!
 He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
 Had made no happy heart, concluded lost;
 TRAJAN and HE, with the MILD SIRE and SON,
 His son of virtue! eas'd a-while mankind;
 And arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
 Then was their last effort: what sculpture rais'd
 To TRAJAN's glory, following triumphs stole;
 And mix'd with Gothic forms, (the chissel's shame)
 On that triumphal arch, the forms of GREECE.

Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
 Of gelid Haemus, I pursu'd my flight;
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia, travers'd by a thousand streams.
 A fullen land of lakes, and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel desarts black with sounding pine;
 Where nature frowns: though sometimes into smiles
 She softens; and immediate, at the touch
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe

Luxuriant pasture, and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-comprest, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt,
 Lies undistinguish'd earth; and, seiz'd by frost,
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.
 Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
 Deep-dig their dens beneath the sheltering snows:
 And there a race of men prolific swarms,
 To various pain, to little pleasure us'd;
 On whom, keen-parching, beat Rhiphaean winds;
 Hard like their soil, and like their climate fierce;
 The nursery of nations!---These I rous'd,
 Drove land on land, on people people pour'd;
 Till from almost perpetual night they broke,
 As if in search of day; and o'er the banks
 Of yielding empire, only slave-sustain'd,
 Resistless rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by ME.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd seeds
 Of freedom lay, for many a wintry age;
 And though my spirit work'd, by slow degrees,
 Nought but its pride and fierceness yet appear'd.
 Then was the night of time, that parted worlds.
 I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes

Aërial, warn'd of rising winter, ride
 Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
 So, arts and each good genius in my train,
 I cut the closing gloom, and soar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
 Far other scenes, and palaces, arise,
 Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
 All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
 Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
 Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
 The passing poor magnificence of kings.
 For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze,
 Calls every splendor forth; and there his court
 Amid aetherial powers, and virtues, holds:
 Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
 Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
 But sacred be the veil, that kindly clouds
 A light too keen for mortals; wraps a view
 Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
 Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
 A sense of higher life would only damp
 The school-boy's task, and spoil his playful hours.

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Nor could the child of reason, feeble man,
With vigour through this infant being drudge;
Did brighter worlds, their unimagined bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.

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PART IV.

STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I amaz'd.

" Ah, GODDESS, what a change! Is earth the same?

" Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?

" And does the same fair sun, and aether spread

" Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?

" Lo! beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms

" Of little pomp, magnificence no more

" Exalts the mind, and bids the public smile:

" While to rapacious interest glory leaves

" Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."

To this the POWER, whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an order'd world.

" Wait 'till the morning shines, and from the depth

" Of Gothic darkness springs another day.

" True, genius droops; the tender ancient taste

" Of beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
 " But faintly trembles through the callous soul;
 " And grandeur, or of morals, or of life,
 " Sinks into safe pursuits, and creeping cares.
 " Even cautious virtue seems to stoop her flight,
 " And aged life to deem the generous deeds
 " Of youth romantic. Yet in cooler thought
 " Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
 " Through nature's works, in profitable arts,
 " And all that calm experience can disclose,
 " (Slow guide, but sure) behold the world anew
 " Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
 " And, where MY SPIRIT wakes the finer powers,
 " Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd; while earth, forsook
 By her best GENII, lay to DEMONS foul,
 And unchain'd FURIES, an abandon'd prey.
 CONTENTION led the van; first small of size,
 But soon dilating to the skies she tow'rs:
 Then, wide as air, the livid FURY spread,
 And high her head above the stormy clouds,
 She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
 With wild surmizes, battlings, sounds of war:

From land to land the mad'ning trumpet blew,
 And pour'd her venom through the heart of man.
 Shook to the pole, the north obey'd her call.
 Forth rush'd the bloody POWER OF GOTHIC WAR,
 War against human-kind: RAPINE, that led
 Millions of raging robbers in his train:
 Unlistening, barbarous FORCE, to whom the sword
 Is reason, honour, law: The FOE OF ARTS
 By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
 That claim'd their place. Outragious mix'd with these
 Another species of tyrannic rule,
 Unknown before, whose cancrous shackles seiz'd
 The envenom'd soul; a wilder FURY, SHE
 Even o'er her ELDER SISTER tyranniz'd;
 Or, if perchance agreed, inflam'd her rage.
 Dire was her train, and loud: the SABLE BAND,
 Thundering,---" Submit ye laity! Ye prophane!
 " Earth is the LORD's, and therefore OURS; let kings
 " Allow the common claim, and half be theirs;
 " If not, behold! the sacred lightning flies:"
 SCHOLASTIC DISCORD, with an hundred tongues,
 For science uttering jangling words obscure,
 Where frightened reason never yet could dwell:

Of peremptory feature, CLERIC PRIDE,
 Whose reddening cheek no contradiction bears;
 And HOLY SLANDER, his associate firm,
 On whom the Lying Spirit still descends:
 Mother of tortures! PERSECUTING ZEAL,
 High-flashing in her hand the ready torch,
 Or ponyard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
 Hell's fiercest fiend! of faintly brow demure,
 Assuming a celestial seraph's name,
 While she beneath the blasphemous pretence
 Of pleasing PARENT HEAVEN, the source of love!
 Has wrought more horrors, more detested deeds,
 Than all the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
 And wild of head to work her fell designs,
 Came idiot SUPERSTITION; round with ears
 Innumerable strow'd, ten thousand monkish forms
 With legends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
 To charm or scare the simple into slaves,
 And poison reason; gross, she swallows all,
 The most absurd believing ever most.
 Broad o'er the whole her universal night,
 The gloom still doubling, IGNORANCE diffus'd.
 Nought to be seen, but visionary monks

To councils strolling, and embroiling creeds;
 Banditti saints, disturbing distant lands;
 And unknown nations, wandering for a home.
 All lay revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
 Turn'd to flagitious leagues against mankind,
 And arts of plunder more and more avow'd;
 Pure plain devotion to a solemn farce;
 To holy dotage virtue, even to guile,
 To murder, and a mockery of oaths;
 Brave ancient freedom to the rage of slaves,
 Proud of their state, and fighting for their chains;
 Dishonour'd courage to the bravo's trade,
 To civil broil; and glory to romance.
 Thus human life unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
 And giddy reason totter'd on her throne.

At last H E A V E N's best inexplicable scheme,
 Disclosing, bade new brightening aeras smile.
 The high command gone forth, A R T S in my train,
 And azure-mantled S C I E N C E, swift W E spread
 A founding pinion. Eager pity, mixt
 With indignation, urg'd her downward flight.
 On Latium first we stoop'd, for doubtful life
 That panted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.

Ah poor Italia! what a bitter cup
 Of vengeance hast thou drain'd? Goths, Vandals, Huns,
 Lombards, barbarians broke from every land,
 How many a ruffian form hast thou beheld?
 What horrid jargons heard, where rage alone
 Was all thy frightened ear could comprehend?
 How frequent by the red inhuman hand,
 Yet warm with brother's, husband's, father's blood,
 Hast thou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
 To violation dragg'd, and mingled death?
 What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
 Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds;
 And succourless, and bare, the poor remains
 Of wretches forth to nature's common cast?
 Added to these, the still continued waste
 Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
 And, double tyrants, seize the very soul.
 Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
 These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
 Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
 Wonders of art; whence this grey scene a mine
 Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
 Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome united glow.

Here SCULPTURE, PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.

Amid the hoary ruins sculpture first,
Deep-digging, from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site, respiring from his toils,
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small, of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the finewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and through the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas smil'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The gladiator. Pitiless his look,

And each keen finew brac'd, the storm of war,
 Ruffling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
 The dying other from the gloom she drew.
 Supported on his shortened arm he leans,
 Prone, agonizing; with incumbent fate,
 Heavy declines his head; yet dark beneath
 The suffering feature fullen vengeance lows,
 Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
 And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
 All conquest-flush'd, from prostrate Python, came
 The quivered god. In graceful act he stands,
 His arm extended with the slackened bow.
 Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
 A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
 Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave.
 His features yet heroic ardor warms;
 And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
 • Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
 A scatter'd frown exalts his matchless air.
 On Flora mov'd; her full-proportion'd limbs
 Rise through the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
 The queen of love arose, as from the deep
 She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms.

Bashful she bends, her well-taught look aside
 Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
 Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
 Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
 The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
 As if exulting in its conquest, smiles.
 So turn'd each limb, so swell'd with softening art,
 That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
 At last her utmost master-piece she found,
 That Maro fir'd; the miserable fire,
 Wrapt with his sons in fate's severest grasp.
 The serpents, twisting round, their stringent folds
 Inextricable tie. Such passion here,
 Such agonies, such bitterness of pain,
 Seem so to tremble through the tortur'd stone,
 That the touch'd heart engrosses all the view.
 Almost unmark'd the best proportions pass,
 That ever Greece beheld; and, seen alone,
 On the rapt eye the imperious passions seize:
 The father's double pangs, both for himself
 And sons convuls'd; to heaven his rueful look,
 Imploring aid, and half-accusing, cast;
 His fell despair with indignation mixt,

As the strong-curling monsters from his side
His full-extended fury cannot tear.

More tender touch'd, with varied art, his sons
All the soft rage of younger passions show.
In a boy's helpless fate one sinks oppress'd;
While, yet unpierc'd, the frightened other tries
His foot to steal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but strait from Gothic rust
Her chisel clear'd, and dust and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Successive as it went
From son to son, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form;
Till, in a legislator's awful grace
Drest, Buonaroti bid a Moses rise,
And, looking love immense, a SAVIOUR-GOD.

Of these observant, PAINTING felt the fire
Burn inward. Then extatic she diffus'd
The canvas, seiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd; and on the void expanse
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldest race,
Barren, and dry; just struggling from the taste,
That had for ages scar'd in cloysters dim

The superstitious herd: yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works; where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe cast.
Arts gradual gather streams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The GODDESS dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind distance still
Perfection stands, like happiness, to tempt
The eternal chace. In elegant design
Improving nature; in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expression, airs divine;
Her sons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To those of Venice she the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs too it was by one embracing mass
Of light and shade, that settles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raise the picture, and repose the sight.
The Lombard school succeeding, mingled both.
Mean time dread fanes, and palaces, around,

Rear'd the magnificent front. MUSIC again
 Her universal language of the heart
 Renew'd; and, rising from the plaintive vale,
 To the full concert spread, and solemn quire.

Even bigots smil'd; to their protection took
 Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
 For in a tyrant's garden these a while
 May bloom, though freedom be their parent soil.

And now confest, with gently growing gleam,
 The morning shone, and westward stream'd its light.
 The MUSE awoke. Not sooner on the wing
 Is the gay bird of dawn. Artless her voice,
 Untaught and wild, yet warbling through the woods
 Romantic lays. But as her northern course
 She, with her tutor SCIENCE, in MY train,
 Ardent pursu'd, her strains more noble grew:
 While reason drew the plan, the heart inform'd
 The moral page, and fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling desarts cast behind,
 I pass'd not idle to my great sojourn.

On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
 Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
 Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliss,

I small republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
 Had social freedom bound their peace, and arts,
 Instead of ruling power, ne'er meant for them,
 Employ'd their little cares, and sav'd their fate.

Beyond the rugged Appenines, that roll
 Far through Italian bounds their wavy tops,
 My path too I with public blessings strow'd:
 Free states and cities, where the Lombard plain,
 In spite of culture negligent and gross,
 From her deep bosom pours unbidden joys,
 And green o'er all the land a garden spreads.

The barren rocks themselves beneath MY FOOT,
 Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian shore.
 Thick-swarming people there, like emmets, seiz'd
 Amid surrounding cliffs, the scatter'd spots,
 Which nature left in her destroying rage,
 Made their own fields, nor sigh'd for other lands.
 There, in white prospect, from the rocky hill
 Gradual descending to the shelter'd shore,
 By ME proud Genoa's marble turrets rose:
 And while MY genuine spirit warm'd her sons,
 Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, she
 Vy'd for the trident of the narrow seas,

Ere BRITAIN yet had open'd all the main.

Nor be the then triumphant state forgot ;
 Where, push'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant still,
 Inspir'd by ME, through the dark ages kept
 Of MY old Roman flame some sparks alive :
 The seeming god-built city ! which MY hand
 Deep in the bosom fix'd of wondering seas.
 Astonish'd mortals fail'd, with pleasing awe,
 Around the sea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
 And down the briny street ; where on each hand,
 Amazing seen amid unstable waves,
 The splendid palace shines ; and rising tides,
 The green steps marking, murmur at the door.
 To this fair queen of Adria's stormy gulph,
 The mart of nations ! long, obedient seas
 Roll'd all the treasure of the radiant east.
 But now no more. Than one great tyrant worse
 (Whose shar'd oppression lightens, as diffus'd)
 Each subject tearing, many tyrants rose.
 The least the proudest. Join'd in dark cabal,
 They jealous, watchful, silent, and severe,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
 The softer shackles of luxurious ease

They likewise added, to secure their sway.
 Thus Venice fainter shines; and commerce thus,
 Of toil impatient, flags the drooping sail.
 Bursting, besides, his ancient bounds, he took
 A larger circle; found another feat,
 Opening a thousand ports, and, charm'd with toil,
 Whom nothing can dismay, far other sons.

The mountains then, clad with eternal snow,
 Confess'd My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
 By nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a league of friendly states,
 And bade plain freedom their ambition be.
 There in the vale, where rural plenty fills,
 From lakes, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her horn,
 Chief, where the Lemane pure emits the Rhone,
 Rare to be seen! unguilty cities rise,
 Cities of brothers form'd: while equal life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving power,
 Maintains them free; and, in their happy streets,
 Nor cruel deed, nor misery, is known,
 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,

Ere BRITAIN yet had open'd all the main.

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 For valour, faith, and innocence of life,
 Renown'd, a rough laborious people, there,
 Not only give the dreadful Alps to smile,

And press their culture on retiring snows;
 But, to firm order train'd and patient war,
 They likewise know, beyond the nerve remiss
 Of mercenary force, how to defend
 The tasteful little their hard toil has earn'd,
 And the proud arm of Bourbon to defy.

Even, cheer'd by ME, their shaggy mountains charm,
 More than or Gallic or Italian plains;
 And sickening fancy oft, when absent long,
 Pines to behold their Alpine views again:
 The hollow-winding stream: the vale, fair-spread
 Amid an amphitheatre of hills;
 Whence, vapour-wing'd, the sudden tempest springs:
 From steep to steep ascending, the gay train
 Of fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic shapes:
 The flitting cloud, against the summit dash'd;
 And, by the sun illumin'd, pouring bright
 A gemmy shower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
 The mountain-ash, and solemn-founding pine:
 The snow-fed torrent, in white mazes tost,
 Down to the clear ethereal lake below:
 And, high o'er-topping all the broken scene,
 The mountain fading into sky; where shines

On winter winter shivering, and whose top
Licks from their cloudy magazine the snows.

From these descending, as I wav'd MY course
O'er vast Germania, the ferocious nurse
Of hardy men and hearts affronting death,
I gave some favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and through their swarming streets,
More busy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face to look my soul.

Thence the loud Baltic passing, black with storm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmost bound;
There, I the manly race, the parent-hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a state
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by frost,
Tempest and toil their nerves, the sons of those
Whose only terror was a bloodless death,
They wise, and dauntless, still sustain my cause.
Yet there I fix'd not. Turning to the south,
The whispering zephyrs sigh'd at my delay.

Here, with the shifted vision, burst my joy.
" O the dear prospect! O majestic view!
" See BRITAIN'S empire! Lo! the watry vast

" Wide-waves, diffusing the cerulean plain.
 " And now, methinks, like clouds at distance seen,
 " Emerging white from deeps of ether, dawn
 " My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
 " Ineffable, a secret sweetness breathes.
 " GODDESS, forgive!--My heart, surpriz'd, o'erflows
 " With filial fondness for the land you bless."

As parents to a child complacent deign
 Approvance, the CELESTIAL BRIGHTNESS smil'd;
 Then thus---As o'er the wave-resounding deep,
 To my near reign, the happy isle, I steer'd
 With easy wing; behold! from surge to surge,
 Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP.
 Around him clouds, in mingled tempest, hung;
 Thick-flashing meteors crown'd his starry head;
 And ready thunder reddened in his hand,
 Or from it stream'd compressed the gloomy cloud.
 Where-e'er he look'd, the trembling waves recoil'd.
 He needs but strike the conscious flood, and shook
 From shore to shore, in agitation dire,
 It works his dreadful will, To ME his voice
 (Like that hoarse blast that round the cavern howls,
 Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)

Address'd, began---" By fate commission'd, go,
 " My SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon blest isle,
 " Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
 " All my dread walks to BRITONS open lie.
 " Those that refulgent, or with rosy morn,
 " Or yellow evening, flame; those that, profuse
 " Drunk by equator-suns, severely shine;
 " Or those that, to the poles approaching, rise
 " In billows rolling into Alps of ice.
 " Even, yet untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
 " The vast Pacific; that on other worlds,
 " Their future conquest, rolls resounding tides.
 " Long I maintain'd inviolate my reign;
 " Nor Alexanders me, nor Caesars brav'd.
 " Still, in the crook of shore, the coward sail
 " Till now low-crept; and peddling commerce ply'd
 " Between near-joining lands. For BRITONS, chief,
 " It was reserv'd, with star-directed prow,
 " To dare the middle deep, and drive assur'd
 " To distant nations through the pathless main.
 " Chief, for their fearless hearts the glory waits,
 " Long months from land, while the black stormy night
 " Around them rages, on the groaning mast

" With unhook knee to know their giddy way;
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing wave;
 " To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
 " By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
 " The heart of courage, and the hand of toil,
 " Each conquer'd ocean staining with their blood,
 " Instead of treasure robb'd by ruffian war,
 " Round social earth to circle fair exchange,
 " And bind the nations in a golden chain.
 " To these I honour'd stoop. Rushing to light
 " A race of men behold! whose daring deeds
 " Will in renown exalt my nameless plains
 " O'er those of fabling earth, as her's to mine
 " In terror yield. Nay, could my savage heart
 " Such glories check, their unsubmitting soul
 " Would all my glory brave, my tempest climb,
 " And might in spite of me my kingdom force."

Here, waiting no reply, the shadowy power
 Eas'd the dark sky, and to the deeps return'd:
 While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
 Auspicious, hook opponent Gallia's shore.

Of this encounter glad, My way to land
 I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling sea

Receiv'd M^E joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
 And music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd astonishment the lab'ring hind,
 Who for a while the unfinish'd furrow left,
 And let the listening steer forget his toil.
 Unseen by grosser eye, BRITANNIA breath'd,
 And her aërial train, these sounds of joy.
 For of old time, since first the rushing flood,
 Urg'd by Almighty power, this favour'd isle
 Turn'd flashing from the continent aside,
 Indented shore to shore responsive still,
 Its guardian S^HE---The G^OD^DE^SS, whose staid eye
 Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
 Her tresses, like a flood of softened light
 Through clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
 Warm on her cheek sits beauty's brightest rose.
 Of high demeanour, stately, shedding grace
 With every motion. Full her rising chest;
 And new ideas, from her finish'd shape,
 Charm'd sculpture taking might improve her art.
 Such the fair guardian of an isle that boasts,
 Profuse as vernal blooms, the fairest dames.
 High-shining on the promontory's brow,

Awaiting ME, she stood; with hope inflam'd,
 By my mixt spirit burning in her sons,
 To firm, to polish, and exalt the state.

The NATIVE GENII, round her, radiant smil'd.
 COURAGE, of soft deportment, aspect calm,
 Unboastful, suffering long, and, till provok'd,
 As mild and harmless as the sporting child;
 But, on just reason, once his fury rous'd,
 No lion springs more eager to his prey:
 Blood is a pastime; and his heart, elate,
 Knows no depressing fear. THAT VIRTUE known
 By the relenting look, whose equal heart
 For others feels, as for another self:
 Of various name, as various objects wake,
 Warm into action, the kind sense within:
 Whether the blameless poor, the nobly maim'd,
 The lost to reason, the declin'd in life,
 The helpless young that kiss no mother's hand,
 And the grey second infancy of age,
 She gives in public families to live,
 A sight to gladden HEAVEN! whether she stands
 Fair-beck'ning at the hospitable gate,
 And bids the stranger take repose and joy:

Whether, to solace honest labour, she
 Rejoices those that make the land rejoice:
 Or whether to philosophy, and arts,
 (At once the basis and the finish'd pride
 Of government and life) she spreads her hand;
 Nor knows her gift profuse, nor seems to know,
 Doubling her bounty, that she gives at all.
 JUSTICE to these her awful presence join'd,
 The mother of the state! No low revenge,
 No turbid passions in her breast ferment:
 Tender, serene, compassionate of vice,
 As the last woe that can afflict mankind,
 She punishment awards; yet of the good
 More piteous still, and of the suffering whole,
 Awards it firm. So fair her just decree,
 That, in his judging peers, each on himself
 Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
 Where reigns alone this justice of the free!
 'Mid the bright groupe SINCERITY his front,
 Diffusive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye
 The fount of truth. The THOUGHTFUL POWER, apart,
 Now, pensive, cast on earth his fix'd regard,
 Now, touch'd celestial, launch'd it on the sky.

The genius he whence BRITAIN shines supreme,
 The land of light, and rectitude of mind.
 He too the fire of fancy feeds intense,
 With all the train of passions thence deriv'd :
 Not kindling quick, a noisy transient blaze,
 But gradual, silent, lasting, and profound.
 Near him RETIREMENT, pointing to the shade,
 And INDEPENDANCE stood : the generous pair,
 That simple life, the quiet-whispering grove,
 And the still raptures of the free-born soul,
 To cates prefer by virtue bought, not earn'd,
 Proudly prefer them to the servile pomp,
 And to the heart-embitter'd joys of slaves.
 Or should the latter, to the public scene
 Demanded, quit his sylvan friend a while ;
 Nought can his firmness shake, nothing seduce
 His zeal, still active for the common-weal ;
 Nor stormy tyrants, nor corruption's tools,
 Foul ministers, dark-working by the force
 Of secret-sapping gold. All their vile arts,
 Their shameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
 He greatly scorns ; and, if he must betray
 His plunder'd country, or his power resign,

A moment's parley were eternal shame :
 Illustrious into private life again,
 From dirty levees he unstain'd ascends,
 And firm in senates stands the patriot's ground,
 Or draws new vigour in the peaceful shade.
 Aloof the BASHFUL VIRTUE hover'd coy,
 Proving by sweet distrust distrusted worth.
 Rough LABOUR clos'd the train : and in his hand
 Rude, callous, sinew-swell'd, and black with toil,
 Came manly INDIGNATION. Sour he seems,
 And more than seems, by lawless pride assail'd ;
 Yet kind at heart, and just, and generous, there
 No vengeance lurks, no pale insidious gall :
 Even in the very luxury of rage,
 He softening can forgive a gallant foe ;
 The nerve, support, and glory of the land !
 Nor be RELIGION, rational, and free,
 Here pass'd in silence ; whose enraptur'd eye
 Sees heaven with earth connected, human things
 Link'd to divine : who not from servile fear,
 By rites for some weak tyrant incense fit,
 The GOD OF LOVE adores, but from a heart
 Effusing gladness, into pleasing awe

That now astonish'd swells, now in a calm
 Of fearless confidence that smiles serene;
 That lives devotion, one continual hymn,
 And then most grateful, when HEAVEN'S bounty most
 Is right enjoy'd. This ever-cheerful power
 O'er the rais'd circle ray'd superior day.

I joy'd to join the VIRTUES whence my reign
 O'er ALBION was to rise. Each chearing each,
 And, like the circling planets from the sun,
 All borrowing beams from ME, a heighten'd zeal
 Impatient fir'd us to commence our toils,
 Or pleasures rather. Long the pungent time
 Pass'd not in mutual hails; but, through the land
 Darting our light, we shone the fogs away.

The VIRTUES conquer with a single look.
 Such grace, such beauty, such victorious light,
 Live in their presence, stream in every glance,
 That the foul won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
 Grows their own image, pure ethereal flame.
 Hence the foul DEMONS, that oppose our reign,
 Would still from us deluded mortals wrap;
 Or in gross shades they drown the visual ray,
 Or by the fogs of prejudice, where mix

Falshood and truth confounded, foil the sense
With vain refracted images of bliss.
But chief around the court of flatter'd kings
They roll the dusky rampart, wall o'er wall
Of darkness pile, and with their thickest shade
Secure the throne. No savage Alp, the den
Of wolves, and bears, and monstrous things obscene,
That vex the swain and waste the country round,
Protected lies beneath a deeper cloud.
Yet there we sometimes send a searching ray.
As, at the sacred opening of the morn,
The prowling race retire; so, pierc'd severe,
Before our potent blaze these DEMONS fly,
And all their works dissolve---The whisper'd tale,
That, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows.
Fair-fac'd deceit, whose wily conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting:
Smooth crocodile destruction, whose fell tears
Ensnare. The Janus face of courtly pride;
One to superiors heaves submissive eyes,
On hapless worth the other scouls disdain.
Cheeks that for some weak tenderness, alone,

Some virtuous slip, can wear a blush. The laugh
 Prophane, when midnight bowls disclose the heart,
 At starving virtue, and at virtue's fools.
 Determin'd to be broke, the plighted faith;
 Nay more, the godless oath, that knows no ties.
 Soft-buzzing slander; filky moths, that eat
 An honest name. The harpy hand, and maw,
 Of avaritious luxury; who makes
 The throne his shelter, venal laws his fort,
 And, by his service, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark from Celtic night
 To present grandeur how my BRITAIN rose.

Bold were those BRITONS, who, the careless sons
 Of nature, roam'd the forest-bounds, at once
 Their verdant city, high-embowering fane,
 And the gay circle of their woodland wars:
 For by the Druid taught, that death but shifts
 The vital scene, they that prime fear despis'd;
 And, prone to rush on steel, disdain'd to spare
 An ill-fav'd life that must again return.
 Erect from nature's hand, by tyrant force,
 And still more tyrant custom, unsubdu'd,
 Man knows no master save creating HEAVEN,

Or such as choice and common good ordain.
 This general sense, with which the nations I
 Promiscuous fire, in BRITONS burn'd intense,
 Of future times prophetic. Witness, Rome,
 Who saw'st thy Caesar, from the naked land,
 Whose only fort was British hearts, repell'd,
 To seek Pharsalian wreaths. Witness, the toil,
 The blood of ages, bootless to secure,
 Beneath an Empire's yoke, a stubborn isle,
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd.
 The North remain'd untouch'd, where those who scorn'd
 To stoop retir'd; and, to their keen effort
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the Roman power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
 From sea to sea desponding legions rais'd
 The wall immense, and yet, on summer's eve,
 While sport his lambkins round, the shepherd's gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the northern storm,
 As often, check'd, receded; threatening hoarse
 A swift return. But the devouring flood
 No more endur'd controul, when, to support
 The last remains of empire, was recall'd
 The weary Roman, and the Briton lay

Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and funk.

Great proof! how men enfeeble into slaves.

The sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,

Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around

He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame,

As when Caractacus to battle led

Silurian swains, and Boadicea taught

Her raging troops the miseries of slaves.

Then (sad relief!) from the bleak coast, that hears

The German ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,

And yellow-hair'd, the blue-ey'd Saxon came.

He came implor'd, but came with other aim

Than to protect. For conquest and defence

Suffices the same arm. With the fierce race

Pour'd in a fresh invigorating stream,

Blood, where unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd.

Rash war, and perilous battle, their delight;

And immature, and red with glorious wounds,

Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence

A right to feast, and drain immortal bowls,

In Odin's hall; whose blazing roof resounds

The genial uproar of those shades, who fall

In desperate fight, or by some brave attempt;

And though more polish'd times the martial creed
 Disown, yet still the fearless habit lives.
 Nor were the surly gifts of war their all.
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, indulgent laws,
 The calm gradations of art-nursing peace,
 And matchless orders, the deep basis still
 On which ascends my BRITISH REIGN. Untam'd
 To the refining subtilties of slaves,
 They brought an happy government along;
 Form'd by that freedom, which, with secret voice,
 Impartial nature teaches all her sons,
 And which of old through the whole Scythian mass
 I strong inspir'd. Monarchical their state,
 But prudently confin'd, and mingled wise
 Of each harmonious power: only, too much,
 Imperious war into their rule infus'd,
 Prevail'd the general-king, and chieftain-thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury stain'd,
 Bled the discordant Heptarchy; and long
 (Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd;
 Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons saw
 Egbert and peace on one united throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing calm

Of brighter days, when lo! the North anew,
 With stormy nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd
 Woes the severest e'er a people felt.
 The Danish Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
 Hung o'er the land incessant. Fleet on fleet
 Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
 The miserable coast. Before them stalk'd,
 Far-seen, the demon of devouring flame;
 Rapine, and murder, all with blood besmear'd,
 Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
 While close behind them march'd the fallow power
 Of desolating famine, who delights
 In grass-grown cities, and in desert fields;
 And purple-spotted pestilence, by whom
 Even friendship scar'd, in sickening horror sinks
 Each social sense and tenderness of life.
 Fixing at last, the sanguinary race
 Spread, from the Humber's loud-resounding shore,
 To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
 And with superior arm the Saxon aw'd.
 But superstition first, and monkish dreams,
 And monk-directed cloyster-seeking kings,
 Had eat away his vigour, eat away

His edge of courage, and depress'd the soul
 Of conquering freedom, which he once respir'd.
 Thus cruel ages pass'd; and rare appear'd
 White-mantled peace, exulting o'er the vale,
 As when, with ALFRED, from the wilds she came
 To polic'd cities and protected plains.
 Thus by degrees the Saxon empire sunk,
 Then set intire in Hastings' bloody field.

Compendious war! (on BRITAIN's glory bent,
 So fate ordain'd) in that decisive day,
 The haughty Norman seiz'd at once an isle,
 For which, through many a century, in vain,
 The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd, and bled.
 Of Gothic nations this the final burst;
 And, mix'd the genius of these people all,
 Their virtues mix'd in one exalted stream,
 Here the rich tide of English blood grew full.

Awhile my spirit slept; the land awhile,
 Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic rage.
 Instead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
 The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
 All prostrate lay; and, in the secret shade,
 Deep-stung but fearful indignation gnash'd

His teeth. Of freedom, property, despoil'd,
 And of their bulwark, arms; with castles crush'd,
 With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land;
 The shivering wretches, at the curfew sound,
 Dejected shrunk into their fordid beds,
 And, through the mournful gloom, of ancient times
 Mus'd sad, or dreamt of better. Even to feed
 A tyrant's idle sport the peasant starv'd:
 To the wild herd, the pasture of the tame,
 The chearful hamlet, spiry town, was given,
 And the brown forest roughen'd wide around.

But this so dead, so vile submission, long
 Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
 Shook off the mountain of tyrannic sway.
 Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
 Tyrants themselves the common tyrant check'd.
 The church, by kings intractable and fierce,
 Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd state,
 Or tempted, by the timorous and weak,
 To gain new ground, first taught their rapine law.
 The barons next a nobler league began,
 Both those of English and of Norman race,
 In one fraternal nation blended now,

The nation of the free! press'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the summer's noon
That looks delighted on, the tyrant see!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His strong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the CHARTER, by which life indeed
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Through this and through succeeding reigns affirm'd
These long-contested rights, the wholesome winds
Of opposition hence began to blow,
And often since have lent the country life.
Before their breath corruption's infect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil counsel fly;
Or should they sounding swell, a putrid court,
A pestilential ministry, they purge,
And ventilated states renew their bloom.

Though with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Aristocratic sway, the people still,
Flatter'd by this or that, as interest lean'd,
No full protection knew. For ME reserv'd,
And for my commons, was that glorious turn.
They crown'd my first attempt, in senates rose,
The fort of freedom! Slow 'till then, alone,

Had work'd that general liberty, that foul,
 Which generous nature breathes, and which, when left
 By ME to bondage was corrupted Rome,
 I through the northern nations wide diffus'd.
 Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd
 From the rude iron regions of the North,
 To Lybian deserts swarm protruding swarm,
 And pour'd new spirit through a slavish world.
 Yet, o'er these Gothic states, the king and chiefs
 Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
 And with enormous property engross'd
 The mingled power. But on BRITANNIA'S shore
 Now present, I to raise MY reign began
 By raising the democracy, the third
 And broadest bulwark of the guarded state.
 Then was the full the perfect plan disclos'd
 Of BRITAIN'S matchless constitution, mixt
 Of mutual checking and supporting powers,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS; nor the name of free
 Deserving while the vassal-many droop'd:
 For since the moment of the whole they form,
 So, as depress'd or rais'd, the balance they
 Of public welfare and of glory cast.

Mark from this period the continual proof.

When kings of narrow genius, minion-rid,
Neglecting faithful worth for fawning slaves;
Proudly regardless of their people's plaints,
And poorly passive of insulting foes;
Double, not prudent, obstinate, not firm,
Their mercy fear, necessity their faith;
Instead of generous fire, presumptuous, hot,
Rash to resolve, and slothful to perform;
Tyrants at once and slaves, imperious, mean,
To want rapacious joining shameful waste;
By counsels weak and wicked, easy rous'd
To paltry schemes of absolute command,
To seek their splendor in their sure disgrace,
And in a broken ruin'd people wealth:
When such o'ercast the state, no bond of love,
No heart, no soul, no unity, no nerve,
Combin'd the loose disjointed public, lost
To fame abroad, to happiness at home.

But when an EDWARD, and an HENRY, breath'd
Through the charm'd whole one all-exerting soul:
Drawn sympathetic from his dark retreat,
When wide-attracted merit round them glow'd:

When counfels just, extensive, generous, firm,
 Amid the maze of state, determin'd kept
 Some ruling point in view: when, on the stock
 Of public good and glory grafted, spread
 Their palms, their laurels; or, if thence they stray'd,
 Swift to return, and patient of restraint:
 When regal state, pre-eminence of place,
 They scorn'd to deem pre-eminence of ease,
 To be luxurious drones, that only rob
 The busy hive: as in distinction, power,
 Indulgence, honour, and advantage, first;
 When they too claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
 Superior rank; with equal hand, prepar'd
 To guard the subject, and to quell the foe:
 When such with ME their vital influence shed,
 No mutter'd grievance, hopeless sigh, was heard;
 No foul distrust through wary senates ran,
 Confin'd their bounty, and their ardor quench'd:
 On aid, unquestion'd, liberal aid was given:
 Safe in their conduct, by their valour fir'd,
 Fond where they led victorious armies rush'd;
 And Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt proclaim
 What kings supported by almighty love,

And people fir'd with liberty, can do.

Be veil'd the savage reigns, when kindred rage
The numerous-once Plantagenets devour'd,
A race to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppress'd
By private feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
My quivering flame. But, in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his gold,
As how to fix his throne he jealous cast
His crafty views around; pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind I darted full,
He mark'd the barons of excessive sway,
At pleasure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to crush these petty tyrants, plann'd
A law, that let them, by the silent waste
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuse,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By soft degrees a mighty change ensu'd,
Even working to this day. With streams, deduc'd
From these diminish'd floods, the country smil'd.
As when impetuous from the snow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal suns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft, with wasteful sweep,

He foams along; but, through Batavian meads,
 Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows;
 Waters a thousand fields; and culture, trade,
 Towns, meadows, gliding ships, and villas mix'd,
 A rich, a wondrous landscape rises round.

His furious son the foul-enslaving chain,
 Which many a doating venerable age
 Had link by link strong-twisted round the land,
 Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
 From HEAVEN pretended, to deceive, to void
 Each solemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
 To curb the generous soul, to fool mankind;
 And, wild at last, to plunge into a sea
 Of blood, and horror. The returning light,
 That first through Wickliff streak'd the priestly gloom,
 Now burst in open day. Bared to the blaze,
 Forth from the haunts of superstition crawl'd
 Her motly sons, fantastic figures all;
 And, wide-dispers'd, their useless fetid wealth
 In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.

Trade, join'd to these, on every sea display'd
 A daring canvas, pour'd with every tide
 A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd

The guilty glittering stores, whose fatal charms,
 By the plain Indian happily despis'd,
 Yet work'd his woe; and to the blisful groves,
 Where nature liv'd herself among her sons,
 And innocence and joy for ever dwelt,
 Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
 The worst the zeal-inflam'd barbarian drew.
 Be no such horrid commerce, BRITAIN, thine!
 But want for want, with mutual aid, supply.

The commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
 Against the barons weigh'd. ELIZA then,
 Amid these doubtful motions, steady, gave
 The beam to fix. She! like the SECRET EVE
 That never closes on a guarded world,
 So fought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the public good,
 That self-supported, without one ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes.
 Inspir'd by ME, beneath her sheltering arm,
 In spite of raging universal sway
 And raging seas repress'd, the Belgic states,
 My bulwark on the continent, arose.
 Matchless in all the spirit of her days!
 With confidence, unbounded, fearless love

Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
 Chearful demanded the long threaten'd fleet,
 And dash'd the pride of Spain around their isle.
 Nor ceas'd the British thunder here to rage :
 The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call ;
 In fire and smoke Iberian ports involv'd,
 The trembling foe even to the centre shook
 Of their new-conquer'd world, and skulking stole
 By veering winds their Indian treasure home.
 Mean time, peace, plenty, justice, science, arts,
 With softer laurels crown'd her happy reign.

As yet uncircumscrib'd the regal power,
 And wild and vague prerogative remain'd,
 A wide voracious gulph, where swallow'd oft
 The helpless subject lay. This to reduce
 To the just limit was MY great effort.
 By means, that evil seem to narrow man,
 Superior beings work their mystic will :
 From storm and trouble thus a settled calm,
 At last, effulgent, o'er BRITANNIA smil'd.

The gathering tempest, Heaven-commiſſion'd, came,
 Came in the prince, who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
 His vain pacific counſels rul'd the world ;

Though scorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
 Of fruitless treaties; while at home enslav'd,
 And by a worthless crew insatiate drain'd,
 He lost his people's confidence and love:
 Irreparable loss! whence crowns become
 An anxious burden. Years inglorious pass'd:
 Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd:
 Abandon'd FREDERICK pin'd, and RALEIGH bled.
 But nothing that to these internal broils,
 That rancour, he began; while lawless sway
 He, with his slavish doctors, try'd to rear
 On metaphysic, on enchanted ground,
 And all the mazy quibbles of the schools;
 As if for one, and sometimes for the worst,
 HEAVEN had mankind in vengeance only made.
 Vain the pretence! not so the dire effect,
 The fierce, the foolish discord thence deriv'd,
 That tears the country still, by party-rage
 And ministerial clamour kept alive.
 In action weak, and for the wordy war
 Best fitted, faint this prince pursu'd his claim:
 Content to teach the subject-herd, how great,
 How sacred he! how despicable they!

But his unyielding son these doctrines drank,
 With all a bigot's rage; (who never damps
 By reasoning his fire) and what they taught,
 Warm, and tenacious, into practice push'd.
 Senates, in vain, their kind restraint apply'd:
 The more they struggled to support the laws,
 His justice-dreading ministers the more
 Drove him beyond their bounds. Tir'd with the check
 Of faithful love, and with the flattery pleas'd
 Of false designing guilt, the fountain he
 Of public wisdom and of justice shut.
 Wide mourn'd the land. Strait to the voted aid
 Free, cordial, large, of never-failing source,
 The illegal imposition follow'd harsh,
 With execration given, or ruthless squeez'd
 From an insulted people, by a band
 Of the worst ruffians, those of tyrant power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
 Her unrelenting train: informers, spies,
 Blood-hounds, that sturdy freedom to the grove
 Pursue; projectors of aggrieving schemes,
 Commerce to load for unprotected seas,
 To sell the starving many to the few,

And drain a thousand ways the exhausted land.
 Even from that place, whence healing peace should flow,
 And gospel truth, inhuman bigots shed
 Their poison round; and on the venal bench,
 Instead of justice, party held the scale,
 And violence the sword. Afflicted years,
 Too-patient, felt at last their vengeance full.

'Mid the low murmurs of submissive fear
 And mingled rage, MY HAMPDEN rais'd his voice,
 And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
 In judgment sat, behov'd some other ear.
 When instant from the keen resentive North,
 By long oppression, by religion rous'd,
 The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
 Was call'd, though meant to furnish hostile aid,
 The more than Roman senate. There a flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the land.
 In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
 Indignant bursting from a tyrant's chain,
 While, full of ME, each agitated soul
 Strung every nerve and flam'd in every eye,
 Had e'er beheld such light and heat combin'd!
 Such heads and hearts! Such dreadful zeal, led on

By calm majestic wisdom, taught its course
 What nuisance to devour; such wisdom fir'd
 With unabating zeal, and aim'd sincere
 To clear the weedy state, restore the laws,
 And for the future to secure their sway.

 This then the purpose of my mildest sons.
 But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
 (Chief, should the breath of factious fury blow,
 With the wild rage of mad enthusiast swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From breast to breast,
 From eye to eye, the kindling passions mix
 In heighten'd blaze; and, ever wise and just,
 High HEAVEN to gracious ends directs the storm.
 Thus in one conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
 And by confusion's lawless sons despoil'd,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the ground,
 Successive, rush'd—Lo! from their ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant youth, the phoenix-state.

 The grievous yoke of vassalage, the yoke
 Of private life, lay by those flames dissolv'd;
 And, from the wasteful, the luxurious king,
 Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
 Stronger restor'd, the commons tax'd the whole,

And built on that eternal rock their power.
 The crown, of its hereditary wealth
 Despoil'd, on senates more dependant grew,
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
 The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
 Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

 This wild delusive cant; the rash cabal
 Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey;
 The bigot, restless in a double chain
 To bind anew the land; the constant need
 Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
 And flattering senates, to supply his waste;
 These tore some moments from the careless prince,
 And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
 By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
 By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
 By sharing what corruption shower'd, profuse;
 By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
 And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

 At last subsided the delirious joy,
 On whose high billow, from the faintly reign,
 The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,

Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold;
 The port pernicious sold, the Scylla since
 And fell Charybdis of the British seas;
 Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
 To cut it off at home; the favour-league
 Of Europe broke; the progress even advanc'd
 Of universal sway, which to reduce
 Such seas of blood and treasure BRITAIN cost;
 The millions, by a generous people given,
 Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
 And awe the land with forces not their own,
 Employ'd; the darling church herself betray'd;
 All these, broad-glaring, open'd the general eye,
 And waked my spirit, the resisting soul.

Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the check
 Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
 Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
 Which slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To practice, always honest nature shock.
 Not even the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
 Of tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled laws;
 Nor seiz'd each badge of freedom through the land;
 Nor SIDNEY bleeding for the unpublish'd page;

Nor on the bench avow'd corruption plac'd,
 And murderous rage itself, in Jefferies' form;
 Nor endless acts of arbitrary power,
 Cruel, and false, could raise the public arm.
 Distrustful, scatter'd of combining chiefs
 Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious war,
 The patient public turns not, till impell'd
 To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
 The bigot king, and hurry'd fated on
 His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
 Out-flaming Rome herself, portentous scar'd
 The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
 To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
 Of Smithfield lightened in its eyes anew.
 Yet silence reign'd. Each on another scowl'd
 Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage:
 As, mustering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
 Awfully still, waiting the high command
 To spring. Strait from his country Europe fav'd,
 To save BRITANNIA, lo! my darling son,
 Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
 Immortal NASSAU came. I hush'd the deep
 By demons rous'd, and bade the lifted winds,

Still shifting as behov'd, with various breath,
 Waft the **DELIVERER** to the longing shore.
 See! wide alive, the foaming Channel bright
 With swelling sails, and all the pride of war,
 Delightful view! when justice draws the sword:
 And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
 And sweet contempt of death, **MY** streaming flag.
 Even adverse navies blest'd the binding gale,
 Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
 Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the waste of arms
 His progress mark'd. The faint-opposing host
 For once, in yielding their best victory found,
 And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
 While his the bloodless conquest of the heart,
 Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
 The furge of wild prerogative, to raise
 A mound restraining its imperious rage,
 And bid the raving deep no farther flow.
 Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
 Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
 Sustaining weighty seas. This, often sav'd
 By more than human hand, the public saw,
 And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield

Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
Even lent his aid---Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS.
What though not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms,
To plunge bold freedom; or, to cheerless wilds,
To drive him from the cordial face of friend;
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day.
What though no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it. What though, tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call,
What though they give not a relentless crew
Of civil furies, proud oppression's fangs!
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With starving labour pampering idle waste.
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guiltless tear from lone affliction's eye;
To raise hid merit, set the alluring light
Of virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human-kind, and through the downward depth

Of future times to spread that better fun
 Which lights up British soul: for deeds like these,
 The dazzling fair career unbounded lies;
 While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
 Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
 Oh luxury divine! Oh poor to this,
 Ye giddy glories of despotic thrones!
 By this, by this indeed, is imag'd HEAVEN,
 By boundless good without the power of ill.

And now behold! exalted as the cope
 That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,
 And like it free, MY FABRIC stands compleat,
 The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To the four heavens
 Four gates impartial thrown, unceasing crouds,
 With kings themselves the hearty peasant mix'd,
 Pour urgent in. And though to different ranks
 Responsive place belongs, yet equal spreads
 The sheltering roof o'er all; while plenty flows,
 And glad contentment echoes round the whole.
 Ye floods descend! Ye winds, confirming, blow!
 Nor outward tempest, nor corrosive time,
 Nought but the felon undermining hand
 Of dark CORRUPTION, can its frame dissolve,
 And lay the toil of ages in the dust.

THE
PROSPECT:

BEING THE FIFTH PART OF

LIBERTY,

A

POEM.

THE
F. O. S. P. E. C. T.

THE
F. O. S. P. E. C. T.

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THE
F. O. S. P. E. C. T.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

HERE interposing, as the GODDESS paus'd,---

- " Oh blest BRITANNIA! in THY presence blest,
- " THOU guardian of mankind! whence spring, alone,
- " All human grandeur, happiness and fame:
- " For toil, by THEE protected, feels no pain;
- " The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
- " And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
- " Let other lands the potent blessings boast
- " Of more exalting furs. Let Asia's woods,
- " Untended, yield the vegetable fleece:
- " And let the little insect-artist form,
- " On higher life intent, its silken tomb.
- " Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, disclose,
- " The various-tinctur'd children of the sun.
- " From the prone beam let more delicious fruits

" A flavour drink, that in one piercing taste
 " Bids each combine. Let Gallic vineyards burst
 " With floods of joy; with mild balsamic juice
 " The Tuscan olive. Let Arabia breathe
 " Her spicy gales, her vital gums distil.
 " Turbid with gold, let southern rivers flow;
 " And orient floods draw soft, o'er pearls, their maze.
 " Let Afric vaunt her treasures; let Peru,
 " Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed,
 " The yellow traitor that her bliss betray'd,---
 " Unequall'd bliss!--and to unequall'd rage!
 " Yet nor the gorgeous east, nor golden south,
 " Nor, in full prime, that new-discover'd world,
 " Where flames the falling day, in wealth and praise,
 " Shall with BRITANNIA vie, while, GODDESS, she
 " Derives her praise from THEE, her matchless charms.
 " Her hearty fruits the hand of freedom own;
 " And, warm with culture, her thick-clustering fields
 " Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
 " Her meads; her gardens smile eternal spring.
 " She gives the hunter-horse, unquell'd by toil,
 " Ardent, to rush into the rapid chace:
 " She, whitening o'er her downs, diffusive, pours

- " Unnumber'd flocks: she weaves the fleecy robe,
 " That wraps the nations: she, to lusty droves,
 " The richest pasture spreads; and, her's, deep-wave
 " Autumnal seas of pleasing plenty round.
 " These her delight: and, by no baneful herb,
 " No darting tyger, no grim lion's glare,
 " No fierce-descending wolf, no serpent roll'd
 " In spires immense progressive o'er the land,
 " Disturb'd. Enlivening these, add cities, full
 " Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crouds:
 " Add thriving towns: add villages and farms,
 " Innumerable sow'd along the lively vale,
 " Where bold unrival'd peasants happy dwell:
 " Add ancient seats, with venerable oaks
 " Embosom'd high, while kindred floods below
 " Wind through the mead; and those of modern hand,
 " More pompous, add, that splendid shine afar:
 " Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers name,
 " Where swarm the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
 " On whose each tide, glad with returning sails,
 " Flows in the mingled harvest of mankind?
 " And thee, thou Severn, whose prodigious swell,
 " And waves, resounding, imitate the main?

" Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
 " That point around the world? And why her seas?
 " All ocean is her own, and every land
 " To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears.
 " She too the mineral feeds: the obedient lead,
 " The warlike iron, nor the peaceful less,
 " Forming of life art-civiliz'd the bond;
 " And that the Tyrian merchant fought of old,
 " Not dreaming then of BRITAIN'S brighter fame.
 " She rears to freedom an undaunted race:
 " Compatriot zealous, hospitable, kind,
 " Her's the warm CAMBRIAN: her's the lofty SCOT,
 " To hardship tam'd, active in arts and arms,
 " Fir'd with a restless, an impatient flame,
 " That leads him raptur'd where ambition calls:
 " And ENGLISH MERIT her's; where meet, combin'd,
 " Whate'er high fancy, sound judicious thought,
 " An ample generous heart, undrooping soul,
 " And firm tenacious valour can bestow.
 " Great nurse of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, SHE!
 " Great nurse of men! By THEE, O GODDESS, taught,
 " Her old renown I trace, disclose her source
 " Of wealth, of grandeur, and to BRITONS sing

“ A strain the muses never touch'd before.”

“ But how shall this THY mighty KINGDOM stand?

“ On what unyielding base? how finish'd shine?”

At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more than human; and HER awful voice,
Majestic thus SHE rais'd---“ To BRITONS bear
“ This closing strain, and with intenser note
“ Loud let it sound in their awaken'd ear.”

On VIRTUE can alone MY KINGDOM stand,
On PUBLIC VIRTUE, EVERY VIRTUE JOIN'D.
For, lost this social cement of mankind,
The greatest empires, by scarce-felt degrees,
Will moulder soft away; 'till, tottering loose,
They prone at last to total ruin rush.
Unblest by VIRTUE, government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law; religion mild, a yoke
To tame the stooping soul, a trick of state
To mask their rapine, and to share the prey.
What are without IT senates, save a face
Of consultation deep and reason free,
While the determin'd voice and heart are sold?
What boasted freedom, save a founding name?

And what election but a market vile
 Of slaves self-barter'd? VIRTUE! without THEE,
 There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in states;
 War has no vigour, and no safety peace:
 Even justice warps to party, laws oppress,
 Wide through the land their weak protection fails,
 First broke the balance, and then scorn'd the sword.
 Thus nations sink, society dissolves;
 Rapine and guile and violence break loose,
 Everting life, and turning love to gall;
 Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
 And Lybia's hissing sands to him are tame.

By those THREE VIRTUES be the frame sustain'd
 Of BRITISH FREEDOM: INDEPENDANT LIFE;
 INTEGRITY IN OFFICE; and, o'er all
 Supreme, A PASSION FOR THE COMMON-WEAL.

Hail! INDEPENDANCE, hail! HEAVEN's next best gift,
 To that of life and an immortal soul!
 The life of life! that to the banquet high
 And sober meal gives taste; to the bow'd roof
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.
 Of public freedom, hail, thou sacred source!
 Whose streams, from every quarter confluent, form

MY better Nile, that nurses human life.
 By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous, fed,
 The private field looks gay, with nature's wealth
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,
 The ONLY FREE-MAN, walks his pleasing round :
 Sweet-featur'd peace attending; fearless truth;
 Firm resolution; goodness, blessing all
 That can rejoice; contentment, surest friend;
 And, still fresh stores from nature's book deriv'd,
 Philosophy, companion ever-new.
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.
 Mean time, true-judging moderate desires,
 Oeconomy and taste, combin'd, direct
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those
 Whom fortune heaps, without these virtues, reach
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,
 That self-enjoyment springing from within;
 That INDEPENDANCE, active, or retir'd,
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,

And drain'd by wants to nature all unknown,
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a gross expence,
 They purchase disappointment, pain and shame.
 Instead of hearty hospitable cheer,
 See! how the hall with brutal riot flows;
 While in the foaming flood, fermenting, steep'd,
 The country maddens into party-rage.
 Mark! those disgraceful piles of wood and stone;
 Those parks and gardens, where, his haunts betrimm'd,
 And nature by presumptuous art oppress'd,
 The woodland genius mourns. See! the full board
 That steams disgust, and bowls that give no joy:
 No truth invited there, to feed the mind;
 Nor wit, the wine rejoicing reason quaffs.
 Hark! how the dome with insolence resounds,
 With those retain'd by vanity to scare
 Repose and friends. To tyrant fashion mark!
 The costly worship paid, to the broad gaze
 Of fools. From still delusive day to day,
 Led an eternal round of lying hope,
 See! self-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,

Dash'd o'er the town, a miserable wreck!
Then to adore some warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they croud; or to the buzz
Of masquerade unblushing: or, to show
Their scorn of nature, at the tragic scene
They mirthful sit, or prove the comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd; and even the fair,
The tender fair, each sweetness laid aside,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In some sack'd city. Thus dissolv'd their wealth,
Without one generous luxury dissolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needless want,
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe:
With fair but faithless smiles each varnish'd o'er,
Each smooth as those that mutually deceive,
And for their falshood each despising each;
'Till shook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the withered shower, and leaves him bare.
O far superior Afric's fable sons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to these willing slaves!
And, rich, as unsqueez'd favourite, to them,
Is he who can his virtue boast alone!

BRITONS! be firm!--Nor let corruption fly
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains!
 The steel of BRUTUS burst the grosser bonds
 By Caesar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,
 And other Caesars rose. Determin'd, hold
 Your INDEPENDANCE; for, that once destroy'd,
 Unfounded, FREEDOM is a morning dream,
 That flits ærial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it HEAVEN! that ever I need urge
 INTEGRITY IN OFFICE on MY sons;
 Inculcate common honour---not to rob---
 And whom?---the gracious, the confiding hand,
 That lavishly rewards; the toiling poor,
 Whose cup with many a bitter drop is mix'd;
 The guardian public; every face they see,
 And every friend; nay, in effect, themselves.
 As in familiar life, the villain's fate
 Admits no cure; so, when a desperate age
 At this arrives, I the devoted race
 Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

But, ah too little known to modern times!
 Be not the noblest passion past un Sung;

That ray peculiar, from UNBOUNDED LOVE
 Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul;
 DEVOTION TO THE PUBLIC. Glorious flame!
 Celestial ardor! in what unknown worlds,
 Profusely scatter'd through the blue immense,
 Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in ROME,
 Old virtuous ROME, so many deathless names
 From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by thee,
 Their poverty put splendor to the blush,
 Pain grew luxurious, and even death delight!
 O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
 With blaze direct, on this MY last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood
 Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart:
 Though VIRTUE not disdains appeals to self,
 Dreads not the trial; all her joys are true,
 Nor is there any real joy save her's.
 Far less the tepid, the declaiming race,
 Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
 Or those whom private passions, for a while,
 Beneath MY standard list, can they suffice
 To raise and fix the glory of MY REIGN?

An active flood of universal love

Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
 The restless spirit roves creation round,
 And seizes every being: stronger then
 It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
 Of bliss allies: then, more collected still,
 It urges human-kind: a passion grown,
 At last, the central parent-public calls
 Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
 The comely, grand and tender. Without this,
 This awful pant, shook from sublimer powers
 Than those of self, this Heaven-infus'd delight,
 This moral gravitation, rushing prone
 To press the public good, my system soon,
 Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
 Will reel to ruin: while for ever shut
 Stand the bright portals of desponding fame.

From sordid self shoot up no shining deeds,
 None of those ancient lights, that gladden earth,
 Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
 To just ambition, VIRTUE'S quickening fire!
 Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
 Fill'd up with actions animal and mean,
 A dull gazette! The impatient reader scorns

The poor historic page; 'till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a people's shame.
Not so the times when, emulation-stung,
GREECE shone in genius, science, and in arts,
And ROME in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Through the deep periods of devolving time,
Those, raptur'd, copy; these, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unhock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? The ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of GOD, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress?
Delirious faction bellowing loud MY name?
The false fair-seeming patriots hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
MY sacred rights a merchandize alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeders will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,

As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
 Who these indeed can undetesting see?---
 But who unpitying? To the generous eye
 Distress is virtue; and, though self-betray'd,
 A people struggling with their fate must rouse
 The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once,
 Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious then!
 Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
 Protect the feeble, dash bold vice aside,
 Depress the wicked, and restore the frail.
 Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
 And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the times arrive (which HEAVEN avert!)
 That BRITONS bend unnerv'd, not by the force
 Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
 But by Corruption's soul-dejecting arts,
 Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
 In part bestow'd, to bribe them to give all.
 With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
 Should they BRITANNIA'S well-fought laurels yield
 To slyly-conquering Gaul; even from her brow
 Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
 By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,

And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd.
 Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
 Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
 Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
 That sits serene within the forest-shade;
 The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants,
 And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
 That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
 To sell their birth-right for a cooling draught.
 Should shameless pens for plain corruption plead;
 The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
 Deem'd the declaiming rant of GREECE and ROME,
 Should public virtue grow the public scoff,
 'Till private, failing, staggers through the land:
 'Till round the city loose mechanic want,
 Dire-prowling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
 Of men more hideous than Numidian wilds,
 Nor from its fury sleeps the vale in peace;
 And murders, horrors, perjuries abound:
 Nay, 'till to lowest deeds the highest stoop;
 The rich, like starving wretches, thirst for gold;
 And those, on whom the vernal showers of HEAVEN
 All-bounteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,

A power to live to nature and themselves,
 In sick attendance wear their anxious days,
 With fortune, joyless, and with honours, mean.
 Mean time, perhaps, profusion flows around,
 The waste of war, without the works of peace;
 No mark of millions in the gulph absorpt
 Of uncreating vice, none but the rage
 Of rous'd corruption still demanding more.
 That very portion, which (by faithful skill
 Employ'd) might make the smiling public rear
 Her ornamented head, drill'd through the hands
 Of mercenary tools, serves but to nurse
 A locust-band within, and in the bud
 Leaves starv'd each work of dignity and use.

I paint the worst. But should these times arrive,
 If any nobler passion yet remain,
 Let all MY sons all parties fling aside,
 Despise their nonsense, and together join;
 Let worth and virtue scorning low despair,
 Exerted full, from every quarter shine,
 Commix'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to light,
 Moral, or intellectual, more intense
 By giving glows. As on pure winter's eve,

Gradual, the stars effulge; fainter, at first,
 They, straggling, rise; but when the radiant host,
 In thick profusion pour'd, shine out immense,
 Each casting vivid influence on each,
 From pole to pole a glittering deluge plays,
 And worlds above rejoice, and men below.

But why to BRITONS this superfluous strain?---
 Good-nature, honest truth even somewhat blunt,
 Of crooked baseness an indignant scorn,
 A zeal unyielding in their country's cause,
 And ready bounty, wont to dwell with them---
 Nor only wont---Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
 In many a blest retirement still they dwell.

To softer prospect turn we now the view,
 To laurel'd SCIENCE, ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS,
 That lend MY FINISH'D FABRIC comely pride,
 Grandeur and grace. Of sullen genius he!
 Curs'd by the muses! by the graces loath'd!
 Who deems beneath the public's high regard
 These last enlivening touches of MY reign.
 However puff'd with power, and gorg'd with wealth,
 A nation be; let trade enormous rise,
 Let east and south their mingled treasure pour,

'Till, swell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
 Burst o'er the city and devour the land:
 Yet these neglected, these recording arts,
 Wealth rots, a nuisance; and, oblivious funk,
 That nation must another Carthage lie.
 If not by them, on monumental brags,
 On sculptur'd marble, on the deathless page,
 Imprest, renown had left no trace behind:
 In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
 The legislator plann'd, the hero found
 A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain.
 The awarders they of fame's immortal wreath,
 They rouse ambition, they the mind exalt,
 Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
 Delight the general eye, and, dress'd by them,
 The moral Venus glows with double charms.

Science, my close associate, still attends
 Where-e'er I go. Sometimes, in simple guise,
 She walks the furrow with the conful swain,
 Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
 Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
 Of fancy dress'd, she charms Athenian wits,
 And a whole sapient city round her burns.

Then o'er her brow MINERVA's terrors nod:
 With XENOPHON, sometimes, in dire extremes,
 She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
 Unequall'd glory: with the Theban sage,
 EPAMINONDAS, first and best of men!
 Sometimes she bids the deep-embattled host,
 Above the vulgar reach, resistless form'd,
 March to sure conquest---never gain'd before!
 Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state
 Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
 Of high-swoln empire wears one boundless smile,
 And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
 Sometimes, with SCIPIO, she collects her sail,
 And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease,
 Where, but the Aonian maids, no fyrens sing,
 Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
 While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
 With TULLY she her wide-reviving light
 To senates holds, a Catiline confounds,
 And saves a-while from Caesar sinking ROME.
 Such the kind power, whose piercing eye dissolves
 Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
 For ME inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,

The more tenacious as the more convinc'd
 How happy freemen, and how wretched slaves.
 To BRITONS not unknown, to BRITONS full
 The GODDESS spreads her stores, the secret soul
 That quickens trade, the breath unseen that wafts
 To them the treasures of a ballanc'd world.
 But FINER ARTS (save what the MUSE has fung
 In daring flight, above all modern wing)
 Neglected droop the head; and PUBLIC WORKS,
 Broke by corruption into private gain,
 Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy.

Shall BRITONS, by their own JOINT WISDOM rul'd
 Beneath one ROYAL HEAD, whose vital power
 Connects, enlivens, and exerts the WHOLE;
 In FINER ARTS, and PUBLIC WORKS, shall they
 To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends,
 Deprest, and broke, beneath the will of one?
 Of one who, should the unkingly thirst of gold,
 Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
 Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land:
 Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of wealth,
 His own insatiate reservoir to fill:
 To the lone desert patriot-merit frowns,

Or into dungeon arts, when they, their chains,
 Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works
 All other licence scorn but TRUTH'S and MINE.
 Oh shame to think! shall BRITONS, in the field
 Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?
 Even in that monarch's reign, who vainly dreamt,
 By giddy power, betray'd, and flattered pride,
 To grasp unbounded sway; while, swarming round,
 His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
 To hostile hands while treasure flow'd profuse,
 And, that great source of treasure, subjects blood,
 Inhuman squander'd, sicken'd every land;
 From BRITAIN, chief, while MY superior sons,
 In vengeance rushing, dash'd his idle hopes,
 And bade his agonizing heart be low:
 Even then, as in the golden calm of peace,
 What PUBLIC WORKS, at home, what ARTS arose!
 What various SCIENCE shone! what GENIUS glow'd!

'Tis not for ME to paint, diffusive shot
 O'er fair extents of land, the shining road;
 The flood-compelling arch; the long canal,
 Through mountains piercing and uniting seas;
 The dome resounding sweet with infant joy,

From famine fav'd, or cruel-handed flame,
 And that where valour counts his noble scars;
 The land where social pleasure loves to dwell,
 Of the fierce demon, Gothic duel, freed;
 The robber from his farthest forest chas'd;
 The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
 Into sure peace the best police refin'd,
 Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
 Let Gallic bards record, how honour'd ARTS,
 And SCIENCE, by despotic bounty blest'd,
 At distance flourish'd from MY PARENT-EYE.
 Restoring ancient taste, how BOILEAU rose.
 How the big ROMAN soul shook, in CORNEILLE,
 The trembling stage. In elegant RACINE;
 How the more powerful, though more humble voice
 Of nature-painting GREECE, resistless, breath'd
 The whole-awaken'd heart. How MOLIERE's scene,
 Chastis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
 Not scatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
 Was life itself. To public honours rais'd,
 How learning in warm seminaries spread;
 And, more for glory than the small reward,
 How emulation strove. How their pure tongue

Almost obtain'd what was deny'd their arms.
 From Rome, a-while, how PAINTING, courted long,
 With POUSSIN came; ancient design, that lifts
 A fairer front, and looks another soul.
 How the kind art, that, of unvalued price,
 The fam'd and only picture, easy, gives,
 Refin'd her touch, and, through the shadowed piece,
 All the live spirit of the painter pour'd.
 Coyest of arts, how SCULPTURE northward deign'd
 A look, and bade her GIRARDON arise.
 How lavish grandeur blaz'd; the barren waste,
 Astonish'd, saw the sudden palace swell,
 And fountains spout amid its arid shades.
 For leagues, bright vistas opening to the view,
 How forests in majestic gardens smil'd.
 How menial arts, by their gay sisters taught,
 Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd
 In joyous figures o'er the filky lawn,
 The palace chear'd, illum'd the story'd wall,
 And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.
 These laurels, LOUIS, by the droppings rais'd
 Of thy profusion, its dishonour shade,
 And, green through future times, shall bind thy brow;

While the vain honours of perfidious war
 Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion lost.
 With what prevailing vigour had they shot,
 And stole a deeper root, by the full tide
 Of war-funk millions fed? Superior still,
 How had they branch'd luxuriant to the skies,
 In BRITAIN planted, by the potent juice
 Of freedom swell'd? Forc'd is the bloom of ARTS,
 A false uncertain spring, when bounty gives,
 Weak without ME, a transitory gleam.
 Fair shine the slippery days, enticing skies
 Of favour smile, and courtly breezes blow;
 'Till ARTS, betray'd, trust to the flattering air
 Their tender blossom: then malignant rise
 The blights of envy, of those insect-clouds,
 That, blasting merit, often cover courts:
 Nay, should, perchance, some kind MAECENAS aid
 The doubtful beamings of his PRINCE'S soul,
 His wavering ardor fix, and unconfined
 Diffuse his warm beneficence around;
 Yet death, at last, and wintry tyrants come,
 Each sprig of genius killing at the root.
 But when with ME IMPERIAL BOUNTY joins,

Wide o'er the public blows eternal spring;
While mingled autumn every harvest pours
Of every land; whate'er invention, art,
Creating toil and nature can produce.

Here ceas'd the GODDESS; and HER ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for sudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burst my prayer.

“ Oh forming light of life! Oh better sun!

“ Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy north,

“ Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian skies,

“ That, unstain'd ether all, diffusive smile:

“ When shall we call these ancient laurels ours?

“ And when thy work complete?” Straight with her hand,
Celestial red, she touch'd my darken'd eyes.

As at the touch of day the shades dissolve,
So quick, methought, the misty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below:
The future shone disclos'd, and, in long view,
Bright rising aeras instant rush'd to light.

“ They come! GREAT GODDESS! I the TIMES behold!

“ The TIMES our fathers, in the bloody field,

“ Have earn'd so dear, and, not with less renown,

" In the warm struggles of the senate-fight.
 " The TIMES I see! whose glory to supply,
 " For toiling ages, commerce round the world
 " Has wing'd unnumber'd sails, and from each land
 " Materials heap'd, that, well-employ'd, with ROME
 " Might vie our grandeur, and with GREECE our art.
 " LO! PRINCES I behold! contriving still,
 " And still conducting firm some brave design;
 " KINGS! that the narrow joyless circle scorn,
 " Burst the blockade of false designing men,
 " Of treacherous smiles, of adulation fell,
 " And of the blinding clouds around them thrown:
 " Their court rejoicing millions; worth, alone,
 " And virtue dear to them; their best delight,
 " In just proportion, to give general joy;
 " Their jealous care THY KINGDOM to maintain;
 " The public glory theirs; unsparing love
 " Their endless treasure; and their deeds their praise.
 " With THEE they work. Nought can resist YOUR force:
 " Life feels it quickening in her dark retreats:
 " Strong spread the blooms of genius, science, art;
 " His bashful bounds disclosing merit breaks;
 " And, big with fruits of glory, virtue blows

" Expansive o'er the land. Another race
 " Of generous youth, of patriot-fires, I see!
 " Not those vain insects fluttering in the blaze
 " Of court and ball and play; those venal souls,
 " Corruption's veteran unrelenting bands,
 " That, to their vices slaves, can ne'er be free.
 " I see the FOUNTAIN's purg'd! whence life derives
 " A clear or turbid flow; see the young mind
 " Not fed impure by chance, by flattery fool'd,
 " Or by scholastic jargon bloated proud,
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of truth.
 " Then, beam'd through fancy the refining ray,
 " And pouring on the heart, the passions feel
 " At once informing light and moving flame;
 " 'Till moral, public, graceful action crowns
 " The whole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
 " In all that mind or body can adorn,
 " And form to life. Instead of barren heads,
 " Barbarian pedants, wrangling sons of pride,
 " And truth-perplexing metaphysic wits,
 " Men, patriots, chiefs, and citizens are form'd.
 " Lo! JUSTICE, like the liberal light of heaven,
 " Unpurchas'd shines on all, and from her beam,

- " Appalling guilt, retire the savage crew,
 " That prowl amid the darkness they themselves
 " Have thrown around the laws. Oppression grieves,
 " See! how her legal furies bite the lip,
 " While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep snares detect,
 " And seize swift justice through the clouds they raise.
 " See! social LABOUR lifts his guarded head,
 " And men not yield to government in vain.
 " From the sure land is rooted ruffian force,
 " And, the lewd nurse of villains, idle waste;
 " Lo! raz'd their haunts, down dash'd their madd'ning bowl,
 " A nation's poison! Beauteous order reigns!
 " Manly submission, unimposing toil,
 " Trade without guile, civility that marks
 " From the foul herd of brutal slaves THY sons,
 " And fearless peace. Or should affronting war
 " To slow but dreadful vengeance rouse the just,
 " Unfailing fields of freemen I behold!
 " That know, with their own proper arm, to guard
 " Their own blest isle against a leaguering world.
 " Despairing Gaul her boiling youth restrains,
 " Dissolv'd her dream of universal sway:
 " The winds and seas are BRITAIN'S wide domain;

“ And not a sail, but by permission, spreads.

“ Lo! swarming southward on rejoicing funs,

“ Gay COLONIES extend; the calm retreat

“ Of undeserv'd distress, the better home

“ Of those whom bigots chase from foreign lands.

“ Not built on rapine, servitude, and woe,

“ And in their turn some petty tyrant's prey;

“ But, bound by social freedom, firm they rise;

“ Such as, of late, an OGLETHORPE has form'd,

“ And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah sees.

“ Horrid with want and misery, no more

“ Our streets the tender passenger afflict.

“ Nor shivering age, nor sickness without friend,

“ Or home, or bed to bear his burning load,

“ Nor agonizing infant, that ne'er earn'd

“ Its guiltless pangs, I see! The stores, profuse,

“ Which British bounty has to these assign'd,

“ No more the sacrilegious riot swell

“ Of cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,

“ No starving wretch the land of freedom stains:

“ If poor, employment finds; if old demands,

“ If sick, if maim'd, his miserable due;

“ And will, if young, repay the fondest care.

" Sweet sets the fun of stormy life, and sweet
 " The morning shines, in mercy's dews array'd.
 " Lo! how they rise! THESE FAMILIES OF HEAVEN!
 " That! chief, (but why---ye bigots!---why so late?)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising age:
 " What smiles of praise! And, while their song ascends,
 " The listening seraph lays his lute aside.
 " Hark! the gay MUSES raise a nobler strain,
 " With active nature, warm impassion'd truth,
 " Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
 " Of various string, and heart-felt image fill'd.
 " Behold! I see the dread delightful school
 " Of temper'd passions, and of polish'd life,
 " Restor'd: behold! the well-dissembled scene
 " Calls from embellish'd eyes the lovely tear,
 " Or lights up mirth in modest cheeks again.
 " Lo! vanish'd monster-land. Lo! driven away
 " Those that Apollo's sacred walks profane:
 " Their wild creation scatter'd, where a world
 " Unknown to nature, chaos more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute scene its ouran-outangs pours;
 " Detested forms! that, on the mind imprest,
 " Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.

“ Behold! all thine again the SISTER-ARTS,
 “ Thy graces they, knit in harmonious dance.
 “ Nurs’d by the treasure from a nation drain’d
 “ Their works to purchase, they to nobler rouse
 “ Their untam’d genius, their unfetter’d thought;
 “ Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming monks,
 “ The gaudy tools, and prisoners, no more.

“ Lo! numerous DOMES a BURLINGTON confess:
 “ For kings and senates fit, the palace see!
 “ The temple breathing a religious awe;
 “ Even fram’d with elegance the plain retreat,
 “ The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
 “ Taste, never idly working, saves expence.

“ See! SYLVAN SCENES, where art, alone, pretends
 “ To dress her mistress, and disclose her charms:
 “ Such as a POPE in miniature has shown;
 “ A BATHURST o’er the widening forest spreads;
 “ And such as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK, STOWE.

“ August, around, what PUBLIC WORKS I see!
 “ Lo! stately streets, lo! squares that court the breeze,
 “ In spite of those to whom pertains the care,
 “ Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways,
 “ Lo! ray’d from cities o’er the brighten’d land,

" Connecting sea to sea, the solid road.
 " Lo! the proud arch (no vile exactor's stand)
 " With easy sweep bestrides the chafing flood.
 " See! long canals, and deepened rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling main
 " The whole enliven'd isle. Lo! ports expand,
 " Free as the winds and waves, their sheltering arms.
 " Lo! streaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
 " On every pointed coast the light-house towers;
 " And, by the broad imperious mole repell'd,
 " Hark! how the baffled storm indignant roars."

As thick to view THESE VARIED WONDERS rose,
 Shook all my soul with transport, unassur'd,
 The VISION broke; and, on my waking eye,
 Rush'd the still RUINS of dejected ROME.

A
P O E M,
TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
L O R D T A L B O T,
LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

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TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE
L O R D T A L B O T.
ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

W H I L E, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost; permit the muse,
The muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where interest ends,
Permit her on a TALBOT's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now---

Unhappy that she may.---But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, though trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?

Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale
Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In TALBOT we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.

Eternal wisdom, that all-quicken'g sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence, steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man:
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice,
In consort foul, agree; each heightening each;

While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.

What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue was not his ;
What that can render man or great, or good,
Give useful worth, or amiable grace?
Nor could he brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Syren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and, in the shape
Of virtue, woos them from a worthless world,)
Though deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm,
As silent night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking interest or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour through the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour and immortal fame,
Involve the good of all? An empty form

Is the weak virtue, that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While wickedness and folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A TALBOT's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action: action, that disdain'd
To lose in deathlike sloth one pulse of life,
That might be fav'd; disdain'd for coward ease,
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.

Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle airs:
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
In him Aftrea, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again:
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, fought the good

Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
 The throb of patriots, when they model states :
 Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd soul ; nor friends had charms
 To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour ;
 Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
 Thus with unwearied steps, by virtue led,
 He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill,
 Where rais'd above black envy's darkening clouds,
 Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
 Be nam'd, victorious ravagers, no more !
 Vanish, ye human comets ! shrink your blaze !
 Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
 As, o'er the gazing desolated earth,
 You scatter famine, pestilence and war ;
 Vanish ! before this vernal sun of fame ;
 Effulgent sweetness ! beaming life and joy.

How the heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !
 While on th' enlighten'd mind, with winning art,
 His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own.
 Ah ! when, ye studious of the laws, again
 Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear ?

When shall again the darkest truths, perplex,
 Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
 And arduous open into smiling ease?
 The solid mix with elegant delight?
 His was the talent with the purest light
 At once to pour conviction on the soul,
 And warm with lawful flame th' impassion'd heart.
 That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
 By heaven---He sacred to his country's cause,
 To trampled want and worth, to suffering right,
 To the lone widow's and her orphan's woes,
 Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
 Despising then the smiles or frowns of power,
 He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
 Which generous passion, taught by reason, breathes:
 Then spoke the man; and, over barren art,
 Prevail'd abundant nature. Freedom then
 His client was, humanity and truth.

Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign'd,
 In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
 A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
 No dark emotion, no intemperate heat,
 No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene

That round him spread. A zeal for right alone,
 The love of justice, like the steady sun,
 Its equal ardor lent; and sometimes rais'd
 Against the sons of violence, of pride,
 And bold deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
 Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
 As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
 Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
 Self-diffident, or to the flower kind,
 He through the maze of falsehood trac'd it on,
 Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
 And even the loser own'd the just decree.

But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
 Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
 His various learning, his wide knowledge, then,
 His insight deep into BRITANNIA'S weal,
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
 And the plain patriot smooth'd the brow of law.
 No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words
 Fell on the cheated ear; no study'd maze
 Of declamation, to perplex the right,
 He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
 In its own force, all-powerful reason spoke;

204 TO THE MEMORY OF 148.

While on the great the ruling point, at once,
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction; to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends: for let the venal try
Their every hardening stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.

Behold him in the councils of his prince.
What faithful light he lends? How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As even corruption, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,
Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the state, where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,

And ever-jealous freedom sleep in peace.
 Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in downward days !
 And many a patriot counsel with him lost !
 Counsels, that might have humbled Britain's foe,
 Her native foe, from eldest time by fate
 Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.

Let learning, arts, let universal worth,
 Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
 Unlike the sons of vanity, that veil'd
 Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
 Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
 And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
 When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
 Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
 His sympathizing heart itself receiv'd
 The generous obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this indeed, is patronizing worth.
 Their kind protector him the muses own,
 But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
 Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.
 The gracious stream, that cheers the letter'd world,
 Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,

Whose sudden current, from the naked root,
 Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
 And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
 The silent treasures of the vernal year,
 Indulging deep their stores, the still night long;
 Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world,
 Is fragrance all, all beauty, joy and song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing light
 Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
 There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
 In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
 Inspiring social confidence and ease.
 As free the converse of the wise and good,
 As joyous, disentangling every power,
 And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
 Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
 The philosophic mind with nature talks.
 Say ye, his Sons, his dear remains, with whom
 The father laid superfluous state aside,

Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
 With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love,
 Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
 The pure serene, the chearful wisdom mild,
 The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
 In semblance of amusement, through the breast
 Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle! lend thy strain,
 Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
 In whom the head and heart their stores unite:
 Whatever fancy paints, invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
 Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
 The virtues dictate, or the muses sing.
 Lend me the plaint, which, to the lonely main,
 With memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
 And mid their ample round receive the waves,
 That from the frozen pole, resounding, rush,
 Impetuous. Though from native sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your friends, the sun-shine of the soul,
 By slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,
 Jealous of worth; yet will you bless your lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,

Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by experience, into flow esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
 And the sweet light from mingled minds disclos'd,
 From mingled chymic oils as bursts the fire.

I too remember well that chearful bowl,
 Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
 Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth;
 And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
 Not simple nature's unaffected sons,
 The blameless Indians, round their forest-chear,
 In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
 Hold more unspotted converse: nor, of old,
 Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their Sabine farms
 They fared, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
 Nor yet in Athens, at an Attick meal,
 Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
 More elegant humanity, more grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper science reign'd.

But far beyond the little vulgar bounds
 Of family, or friends, or native land,

By just degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
 Extended his benevolence: a friend
 To human-kind, to parent nature's works.
 Of free access, and of engaging grace,
 Such as a brother to a brother owes,
 He kept an open judging ear for all,
 And spread an open countenance, where smil'd
 The fair effulgence of an open heart;
 While on the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
 With equal ray, his ready goodness shone:
 For nothing human foreign was to him.

Thus to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
 And hard to be supported, you succeed:
 But, kept by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
 It will, through latest time, enrich your race,
 When grosser wealth shall moulder into dust,
 And with their authors in oblivion sunk
 Vain titles lie, the servile badges oft
 Of mean submission, not the meed of worth.
 True genuine honour its large patent holds
 Of all mankind, through every land and age,
 Of universal reason's various sons,
 And even of GOD himself, sole perfect Judge!
 Yet know these noblest honours of the mind

210 TO THE MEMORY OF 289.

On rigid terms descend: the high-plac'd heir,
 Scan'd by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
 Malignant seeks out faults, cannot through life,
 Amid the nameless insects of a court,
 Unheeded steal: but, with his fire compar'd,
 He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.
 This truth to you, who merit well to bear
 A name to Britons dear, th' officious muse
 May safely sing, and sing without reserve.

Vain were the plaint, and ignorant the tear
 That should a Talbot mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
 Our country robb'd of her delight and strength,
 We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,
 That we such virtues knew, such virtues felt,
 And feel them still, teaching our views to rise
 Through ever-brightening scenes of future worlds.
 Be dumb, ye worst of zealots! ye that, prone
 To thoughtless dust, renounce that generous hope,
 Whence every joy below its spirit draws,
 And every pain its balm: a Talbot's light,
 A Talbot's virtues claim another source,
 Than the blind maze of undesigning blood;
 Nor when that vital fountain plays no more,
 Can they be quench'd amid the gelid stream.

Methinks I see his mounting spirit, freed
 From tangling earth, regain the realms of day,
 Its native country, whence, to bless mankind,
 Eternal Goodness, on this darksome spot,
 Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
 By the tremendous Judge of heaven and earth,
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
 He takes his rank, in glory, and in bliss,
 Amid the human worthies. Glad around
 Crowd his compatriot shades, and point him out,
 With joyful pride, Britannia's blameless boast.
 Ah! who is he, that with a fonder eye
 Meets thine enraptur'd?---'Tis the best of sons!
 The best of friends!---Too soon is realiz'd
 That hope, which once forbade thy tears to flow!
 Meanwhile the kindred souls of every land,
 (Howe'er divided in the fretful days
 Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
 In one selected never-jarring state,
 Where God himself their only monarch reigns,
 Partake the joy; yet, such the sense that still
 Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
 And for our loss, they drop a pitying tear.
 But cease, presumptuous muse, nor vainly strive

212 TO THE MEMORY OF 337.

To quit this cloudy sphere that binds thee down :
 'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these scenes,
 Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
 Behind, and strike our boldest language dumb.

Forgive, immortal shade ! if aught from earth,
 From dust low-warbled, to those groves can rise,
 Where flows celestial harmony, forgive
 This fond superfluous verse. With deep-felt voice,
 On every heart impress'd, thy deeds themselves
 Attest thy praise. Thy praise the widow's sighs,
 And orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
 The sons of justice and the sons of strife,
 All who or freedom or who interest prize,
 A deep-divided nation's parties all,
 Conspire to swell thy spotless praise to heaven.
 Glad heaven receives it, and seraphic lyres
 With songs of triumph thy arrival hail.
 How vain this tribute then ! this lowly lay !
 Yet nought is vain which gratitude inspires.
 The muse, besides, her duty thus approves
 To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
 To ruling nature, that, in glorious charge,
 As to her priestess, gives it her, to hymn
 Whatever good and excellent she forms.

THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM.

3 H

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the stile of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our language; just as in French the stile of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION of the obsolete words used in
this P O E M.

A RCHIMAGE, *the chief, or
greatest of magicians or
enchanters.*

Apaid, *paid.*

Appall, *affright.*

Atween, *between.*

Ay, *always.*

Bale, *sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*

Benempt, *named.*

Blazon, *painting, displaying.*

Breme, *cold, raw.*

Carol, *to sing songs of joy.*

Caurus, *the north-east wind.*

Certes, *certainly.*

Dan, *a word prefixed to names.*

Deftly, *skilfully.*

Depainted, *painted.*

Drowfy-head, *drowsyness.*

Eath, *easy.*

Eftsoons, *immediately, often, af-
terwards.*

Eke, *also.*

Fays, *fairies.*

Gear, or Geer, *furniture, equi-
page, dress.*

Glaive, *sword. (Fr.)*

Glee, *joy, pleasure.*

Han, *have.*

Hight, *named, called; and some-
times it is used for is called.*

See Stanza vii.

Idless, *Idleness.*

Imp, *child, or offspring; from
the Saxon impan, to graft or
plant.*

Kest, *for cast.*

Lad, *for led.*

Lea, *a piece of land, or meadow.*

Libbard, *leopard.*

Lig, *to lie.*

Lofel, *a loose idle fellow.*

Louting, *bowing, bending.*

Lithe, *loose, lax.*

Mell, *mingle.*

Moe, *more.*

Moil, *to labour.*

Mote, *might.*

Muchel or Mochel, *much, great.*

Nathless, *nevertheless.*

Ne, *nor.*

Needments, *necessaries.*

Nourling, *a child that is nursed.*

Noyance, *harm.*

Prankt, *coloured, adorned gayly.*

Perdie, (Fr. *par Dieu*) an old
oath.

Prick'd thro' the forest, *rode thro'*
the forest.

Sear, *dry, burnt up.*

Sheen, *bright, shining.*

Sicker, *sure, surely.*

Soot, *sweet, or sweetly.*

Sooth, *true, or truth.*

Stound, *misfortune, pang.*

Sweltry, *sultry, consuming with*
heat.

Swink, *to labour.*

Smackt, *savoured.*

Thrall, *slave.*

Transmew'd, *transform'd.*

Vild, *vile.*

Unkempt, (Lat. *incomptus*) *un-*
adorn'd.

Ween, *to think, be of opinion.*

Weet, *to know; to weet, to wit.*

Whilom, *ere-while, formerly.*

Wight, *man.*

Wis, *for Wist, to know, think,*
understand.

Wonne, (a noun) *dwelling.*

Wroke, *wreakt.*

N. B. The letter Y is frequently placed in the
beginning of a word by Spenser, to lengthen
it a syllable, and *en* at the end of a word,
for the same reason, as *withouten, casten, &c.*

Yborn, *born.*

Yblent, *or blent, blended, mingled.*

Yclad, *clad.*

Ycleped, *called, named.*

Yfere, *together.*

Ymolten, *melted.*

Yode, (*preter tense of yede*) *went.*

THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

The castle hight of indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

II.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's fide,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
 A listless climate made, where, foon to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of rest:
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence keft,
 From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every-where their waters sheen;
 That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

V.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A fable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idle's fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleasing land of drowfy-head it was,
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer-fky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Infil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

VII.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,
 And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by :
 For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his fyren melody ;
 While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung :

IX.

" Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
 " See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
 " See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 " Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
 " What youthful bride can equal her array ?
 " Who can with her for easy pleasure vie ?
 " From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 " From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

- " Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 " The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 " Ten thousand throats! that, from the flowering thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
 " Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
 " They neither plough, nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
 " E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
 " Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 " Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

XI.

- " Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
 " Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 " Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 " And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 " That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
 " For when hard-hearted Interest first began
 " To poison earth, Astraea left the plain;
 " Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 " And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII.

- “ Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
“ Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
“ You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
“ Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
“ And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
“ For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
“ I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
“ Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
“ Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

- “ With me, you need not rise at early dawn,
“ To pass the joyless day in various founts:
“ Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
“ And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
“ Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
“ To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
“ Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
“ Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
“ In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear;
 " To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
 " No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
 " Ne noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start,
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear:
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 " Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down:
 " They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
 " On others' ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
 " Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
 " For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

XVI.

“ What, what, is virtue, but repose of mind,
“ A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
“ Above the reach of wild ambition’s wind,
“ Above those passions that this world deform,
“ And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
“ But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
“ And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
“ A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
“ Across th’ enliven’d skies, and make them still more gay.

XVII.

“ The best of men have ever lov’d repose:
“ They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
“ Where the foul fowrs, and gradual rancour grows,
“ Imbitter’d more from peevish day to day.
“ Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
“ The most renown’d of worthy wights of yore,
“ From a base world at last have stolen away:
“ So SCIPIO, to the soft Cumaeen shore
“ Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

- " But if a little exercise you chuse,
- " Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
- " Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
- " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
- " Or softly stealing, with your watry gear,
- " Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
- " You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
- " Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
- " Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

- " O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
- " Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
- " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
- " And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
- " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
- " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
- " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
- " But sure it is of vanities most vain,
- " To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song;
 That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
 In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood, all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodiy'd Fays through airy portal stream:

XXI.

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began:
 Though some there were who would not further pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too fair-spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye:
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often forely figh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the curfed gate;
 Full hard to be repafs'd, like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
 Who fought to pull high Jove from regal ftate;
 Though feeble wretch he feem'd, of fallow hue:
 Certes, who bides his grafp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomfoe'er the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknot, their finews melt apace;
 As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
 And of their vanifh'd force remains no trace:
 So when a maiden fair, of modeft grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is feized in fome lofel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
 Then fighting yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the croud, flow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, fwol'n with sleep:
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose;
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep;
 While o'er his eyes the drowfy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep.
 Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
 He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill-becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not permit,
 So this same limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening frowns.
 O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right fain,
 Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high-spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew:
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
 It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasure grew,
 And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
 Fair glad some waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made:
“ Ye fons of INDOLENCE, do what you will;
“ And wander where you list, through hall or glade!
“ Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
“ Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
“ And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
“ Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy:
“ He little merits bliss who others can annoy.”

XXIX.

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude, and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid-Isles,
 Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
 (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
 Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
 To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
 Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
 The whilst in ocean Phoebus dips his wain,
 A vast assembly moving to and fro:
 Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous show.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of sleep profound!
 Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
 And all the widely-silent places round,
 Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
 What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
 But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
 I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
 In this foul-deadening place, loose-loitering?
 Ah! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

~ Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
 Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
 Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
 Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
 Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
 Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
 Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
 The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
 Dashing corruption down through every worthless age.

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
 Ne curfed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
 Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
 What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
 The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
 Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
 And couches stretch'd around in seemly band;
 And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
 So that each spacious room was one full-swalling bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
 With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
 Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
 On the green bosom of this earth are found,
 And all old ocean genders in his round:
 Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Even undemanded by a sign or found;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy;
 Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
 Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
 And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
 For why? there was but one great rule for all;
 To wit, that each should work his own desire,
 And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
 Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
 And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
 Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
 Such as of old the rural poets sung,
 Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
 Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
 Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart;
 Or, fighting tender passion, swell'd the gale,
 And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
 While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
 Depainted was the patriarchal age;
 What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
 And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
 Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
 Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
 But with wild beasts the silvan war to wage,
 And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
 Blest sons of nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal landkips rise,
 Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
 Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes ;
 Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
 The trembling fun now plays o'er ocean blue,
 And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
 Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Pouffin drew.

XXXIX.

Each found too here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
 Aërial music in the warbling wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
 As did, alas! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
 To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd;
 From which, with airy flying fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
 The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
 Whence, with just cause, The harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
 Who up the lofty Diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, through the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XLII.

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
 Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' shore,
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore :
 When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
 Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together melt :
 At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raifing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
 And shed a rofeate fmile on nature's face.
 Not Titian's pencil e'er could fo array,
 So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal fpace;
 Ne could it e'er fuch melting forms difplay,
 As loofe on flowery beds all languifhinglly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illufions! artful phantoms, no!
 My Mufe will not attempt your fairy-land:
 She has no colours that like you can glow;
 To catch your vivid fcenes too grofs her hand.
 But fure it is, was ne'er a fubtler band
 Than thefe fame guileful angel-feeming fprights,
 Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, foft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights,
 And blefs'd them oft befides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were, in footh, a most enchanting train,
 Even feigning virtue; skilful to unite
 With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
 But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
 Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
 Down down black gulphs, where fullen waters sleep,
 Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
 On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
 They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
 From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom:
 Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
 And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
 Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
 And let them virtue with a look impart:
 But chief, a while O! lend us from the tomb
 Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
 And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive?---Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!---But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly
Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

L.

Of Vanity the Mirror this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie;
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow-tree.
 "A penny saved is a penny got:"
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
 The filly tenant of the summer-air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share:
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
 Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage;
 Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
 Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
 To lose the present, gain the future age,
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame when uselefs worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
 With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all:
 Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
 See how they dash along from wall to wall!
 At every door, hark how they thundering call!
 Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
 Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
 A neighbour's fortune, fame, 'or peace, to blight,
 And make new tiresome parties for the coming night?

XLIV.

The puzzling fons of party next appear'd,
 In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
 And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
 Th' important shoulder; then, as if to get
 New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
 No sooner Lucifer recalls affairs,
 Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
 When lo! push'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
 In comes another fett, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
 Was to behold the nations all on fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife:
 Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable ruffians in their hire,
 Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour:
 Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were before,
 Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force restore.

LVI.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and eke an endless, task;
 From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
 To gipsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
 Yea many a man perdie I could unmask,
 Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
 With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
 For place or pension, laid in decent row;
 But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
 There was a man of special grave remark:
 A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
 Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark.
 As soon this man could sing as morning-lark,
 And teach the noblest morals of the heart:
 But these his talents were yburied stark;
 Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
 Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

LVIII.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
 Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound;
 Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
 Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
 Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
 There would he linger, till the latest ray
 Of light fat trembling on the welkin's bound;
 Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
 Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
 For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
 Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
 And all its native light anew reveal'd:
 Oft as he travers'd the coerulean field,
 And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
 Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
 Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
 But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk :
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wrought,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve---"Thank heaven! the day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
 A joyous youth, who took you at first sight;
 Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing light:
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
 Turning the night to day and day to night:
 For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even pleasure to excess is good:
 What most elates then sinks the soul as low:
 When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
 The higher still th' exulting billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
 Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
 Our madden'd castle all, th' abode of sleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly,
 Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
 Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
 Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
 Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
 And oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
 He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
 And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound;
 Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
 Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
 Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
 As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
 Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,
 To him the sacred love of nature lent,
 And sometimes would he make our valley glad;
 Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
 To him the better fort this friendly message sent.

LXVI.

- “ Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
 “ But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade,
 “ To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
 “ Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
 “ Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
 “ Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
 “ Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
 “ There to indulge the muse, and nature mark:
 “ We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY-PARK.”

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' ESOPUS of the age;
 But call'd by fame, in foul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
 And rous'd him like a gyant from his sleep.
 Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
 With double force th' enliven'd scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd sense th' enlighten'd judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard befeems;
 Who void of envy, guile, and luft of gain,
 On virtue ftill, and nature's pleasing themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ftain:
 The world forfaking with a calm difdain
 Here laugh'd he carelefs in his eafy feat;
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
 Oft moralizing fage: his ditty fweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
 Of clerks good plenty here you mote efpy.
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
 He had a roguifh twinkle in his eye,
 And fhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
 If a tight damfel chaunc'd to trippen by;
 Which when observ'd, he fhunk into his mew,
 And ftrait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
 (Old inmates of the place) but state-affairs :
 They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
 And on their brow sat every nation's cares.
 The world by them is parcel'd out in shares,
 When in the Hall of Smoak they congress hold,
 And the sage berry fun-burnt Mocha bears
 Has clear'd their inward eye: then, smoak-enroll'd,
 Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
 Bevvies of dainty dames, of high degree,
 From every quarter hither made resort;
 Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
 They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
 Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
 Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
 To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom;
 But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time :
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
 Then, rising sudden, to the glass they go,
 Or faunter forth, with tottering step and flow :
 This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they fighting lie reclin'd,
 And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
 But ah! too late, as shall erefoons be shewn.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
 Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan ;
 For of these wretches taken was no care :
 Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of joy and rest,
 To this dark den, where sickness tofs'd alway.
 Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored night and day;
 To stir him from his traunce it was not eath,
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut strait way:
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swol'n and pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
 Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
 She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittles know,
 And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
 Whilst Apoplexy cram'd intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

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THE CASTLE OF DOUBT

LXXVI

A lady passed the way of ancient blood
Yet on her face her white night crown
She felt a fancy'd but firmest truth
All the doubts which in her spirit shone
And sought all ways which the hope below
And still her heart and new ways would try
Her heart in ever widening to and fro
For sometimes the world might be her home
And in that world she knew not where to go

LXXVII

Far by her heart's little maiden hand
With shining hand and sparkling eyes
Pale bloom'd, cold, and silent to her heart
Yet joy'd in a secret hidden change
And in the light of the shining wings
The happy God was seen the crown of joy
A well new garment, new and new
White A poppy crown'd in a new way
Down to the ground, a new and new way

THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness favouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
 And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
 To every labour its reward accrues,
 And they are sure of bread who swink and toil;
 But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
 As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee:
 Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
 Ne for the muses other meed decree,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Through which Aurora shews her brightening face;
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the great Children leave:
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd through the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
 THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands teem:
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
 Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
 For him no tender parents troubled were,
 He of the forest seem'd to be the son;
 And certes had been utterly undone,
 But that Minerva pity of him took,
 With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
 That teach to tame the foil and rule the crook;
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In every science, and in every art,
 By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of head and heart:
 Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard:
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roseate breath of orient day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the founding spear,
 Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th' etherial round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
 Or else he scan'd the globe, those small domains,
 Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from sleep
 Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practise what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife:
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with vary'd fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issu'd,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise;
 The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise;
 To-wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild;
 Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man:
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd:
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran;
 In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this best Sun, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Successive, had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir INDUSTRY then spread
The swelling sail, and made for BRITAIN'S coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most:
Their wealth the wild deer bouncing through the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost;
Save spear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the foil, he lik'd the clement skies,
 He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
 Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries)
 This, whilst my labours LIBERTY sustains,
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
 Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
 To freedom apt and persevering pains,
 Mild to obey, and generous to command,
 Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindest firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever arts and industry can frame;
 Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
 Fair queen of arts! from heaven itself who came,
 When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame:
 And still with her sweet innocence we find,
 And tender peace, and joys without a name,
 That, while they ravish, tranquilize the mind:
 Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontick sea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous nourling breeds;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lea
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and flow increast;
 Unless, as feldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please:
 Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as fleek the soothing rhyme;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
 Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits, cheer! still, still remains
 Th' Eternal Patron, LIBERTY; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV.

Whenas the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
 The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
 Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
 He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest domain:
 His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
 Replete with peace and joy, like patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
 Witness, ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
 Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
 Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
 That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
 Or of September-moons the radiance mild.
 O hide thy head, abominable war!
 Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!
 From heaven this life ysprung, from hell thy glories vild!

XXVII.

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing care of rural industry.
 Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
 New scenes arise, new landships strike the eye,
 And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
 Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;
 O'er recent meads th' exulting streamlets fly;
 Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' store,
 And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
 He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
 Yet on her beauties durst not art inroach;
 'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
 In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fand
 An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can last for ay?
 That foul-enfeebling wizard INDOLENCE,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
 Spread far and wide was his cors'd influence;
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
 Even much of private; eat our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout;
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and stout.

XXX.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
 To his licentious wish each must be blest,
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar man,
 " The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?
 " Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 " Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy children on thee call ;
 " Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close !
 " The demon INDOLENCE thy toil o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full-speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy
 That villain Archimage.---His page then strait
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
 Benempt Dispatch. " My steed be at the gate;
 " My bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
 This net was twisted by the sisters three;
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too late
 Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
 Of withered aspect; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
 As is his sister of the copses green,
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
 Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
 The demon INDOLENCE threatens overthrow
 To all that to mankind is good and dear:
 Come, PHILOMELUS; let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men! who will be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without rigour faves.

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous breed
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,
 He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
 Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode:
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human blifs;
 What else so fit for man to settle well?
 And still their long researches met in this,
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
 " From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
 " Sweet rills of thought that chear the conscious soul;
 " While vice pours forth the troubled streams of hell,
 " The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
 " Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits rear.
 On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
 And spite even of themselves their senses chear;
 Then to the wizard's wonne their steps they steer.
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shade the meadow-bed,
 Sweet airs and song; and without hurry all seem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

- “ As God shall judge me, knight, we must forgive
 (The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd)
 “ The frail good man deluded here to live,
 “ And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 “ Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
 “ That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 “ And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 “ But that our charity be not too nice?
 “ Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

XXXIX.

- “ Ay, sicker, (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
 “ To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
 “ But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 “ And think to 'scape deserved punishment.
 “ Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
 “ From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive:
 “ Grace be to those who can, and will, repent;
 “ But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
 “ Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.”

XL.

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said.
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth spy.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
 The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resum'd his song; and, unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his music, ran through all his strings:
 With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
 And virtue's tender airs o'er weakness flings.
 What pity bese his song who so divinely sings!

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight :
 But they instead, as if transfew'd to stone,
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
 The lights and shades of manners, wrong and right.
 Meantime, the silly croud the charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
 Who backning shun'd his touch, for well he knew its power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe ;
 Even so the knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
 Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around;
 Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,
 And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the ground:
 Huge crouds on crouds out-pour'd, with blemish'd look,
 As if on time's last verge this frame of things had shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir INDUSTRY the first calm moment stole.
 " There must, (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
 " Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 " Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl:
 " Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
 " Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly fort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he deffly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the muses come along,
 Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
 The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.---

“ Ye hapless race,
 “ Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 “ That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 “ And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway;
 “ What is th' ador'd SUPREME PERFECTION, say?
 “ What, but eternal never-resting foul,
 “ Almighty power, and all-directing day;
 “ By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
 “ Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII.

- " Come, to the beaming GOD your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To seraphs burning round th' ALMIGHTY'S throne,
" Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
" In universal nature this clear shewn,
" Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyfs.

XLIX.

- " Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A sight more joyous than the dead morafs?
" Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by sprightly zephirs, far surpass
" The foul November-fogs, and flumbrous mafs,
" With which sad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
" The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

- “ It was not by vile loitering in ease,
“ That G R E E C E obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
“ That soft yet ardent A T H E N S learnt to please,
“ To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
“ In all supreme! complete in every part!
“ It was not thence majestic R O M E arose,
“ And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
“ For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
“ Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

LI.

- “ Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
“ But in loose joy their time to wear away;
“ Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
“ Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
“ Rude nature's state had been our state to-day;
“ No cities ere their towery fronts had rais'd,
“ No arts had made us opulent and gay;
“ With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
“ None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none prais'd.

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LII.

- " Great HOMER's song had never fir'd the breast
" To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet MARO's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
" Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkish legends been their only strains;
" Our MILTON's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our SHAKESPEAR stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
" Ne had my master SPENCER charm'd his Mulla's plains.

LIII.

- " Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
" And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
" Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
" Had all been lost with such as have no name.
" Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted stood,
" And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

LIV.

- " But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 " If right I read, you pleasure all require :
 " Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
 " How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
 " Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire
 " Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath !
 " Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire
 " In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath :
 " O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death !

LV.

- " Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of H E A V E N,
 " When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 " How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
 " Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 " And exercise of health. In proof of this,
 " Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,
 " Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;
 " While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
 " Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

- “ O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
 “ Unclogg’d the body, unobscur’d the mind :
 “ The morning rises gay ; with pleasing stealth,
 “ The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 “ In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 “ See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 “ As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
 “ Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
 “ Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure breeds ?

LVII.

- “ But here, instead, is foster’d every ill,
 “ Which or distemper’d minds or bodies know.
 “ Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
 “ Your talents here. This place is but a shew,
 “ Whose charms delude you to the den of woe :
 “ Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 “ Where pleasure’s roses, void of serpents, grow,
 “ Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,
 “ And you will bless the day that brought him to your fight.

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LVIII.

“ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps;
“ To senates some, and public sage debates,
“ Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
“ The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states;
“ To high discovery some, that new-creates
“ The face of earth; some to the thriving mart;
“ Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
“ To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart:
“ All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

“ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
“ Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
“ All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
“ Even death despis'd by generous actions fair;
“ All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
“ Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
“ To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
“ And from the powerful arms of sloth get free.
“ 'Tis rising from the dead---Alas!---It cannot be!

LX.

- " Would you then learn to dissipate the band
" Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
" His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
" Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
" Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd : controul desire:
" Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word---I WILL!---and it is done.

LXI.

- " Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
" Your few important days of tryal here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
" Through endless states of being, still more near
" To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
" And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
" No! no! Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the sordid crime!"

LXII.

"Enough! enough!" they cry'd---ftrait, from the croud,
 The better fort on wings of transport fly:
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor lie,
 The rays divine of vernal Phoebus play;
 Th' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new Being gay!

LXIII.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 Than that which wings th' exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen:
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Even so we glad forfok these sinful bowers,
 Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
" Ye fons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this seat of peace and love?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
" What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happiness a crime!
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime.

LXV.

" Ye impious wretches, (quoth the knight in wrath)
" Your happiness behold!"---Then strait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden, the landskip sinks on every hand;
The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltering lay; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd:
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when night controul'd
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
 Depeinted have, its horrors deep-display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light th' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick uprais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

LXVIII.

- " O heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
" Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair?
" Are we from noisome damp of pest-house free?
" And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
" O thou, or Knight, or God! who holdest there
" That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains!
" But what for us, the children of despair,
" Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
" Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains."

LXIX.

- The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
" Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices HEAVEN.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 " And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 " Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
 " Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 " And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 " Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
 " Till then, you may expect in me to find
 " One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
 " One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the skies."

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
 " For you (resum'd the knight with sterner tone)
 " Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon fears,
 " That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
 " In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 " His fatal charms, and weep your stains away;
 " Till, soft and pure as infant-goodness grown,
 " You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
 " What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal day?"

LXXII.

This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
 Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to-wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
 And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying fight,
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head; some, from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
 Some reach the healing draught: the whilst, to chase
 The fear supreme, around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of peace the mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and deserts dire to yell;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah! their scorned day of grace was past:
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast;
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd.
 There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
 Through which they floundering toil'd with painful care,
 Whilst Phoebus smote them fore, and fir'd the cloudless air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed snow:
 Through these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk, and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
 And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
 Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
 And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful fiend:
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below:
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
 Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
 As if he smelt some naseous scent; his eye
 Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow;
 And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
 An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along;
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
 And oft they plunge themselves the mire among:
 But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
 And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

4 F

P O E M E

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

V E R S E S

O C C A S I O N E D

BY THE DEATH OF

M R. A I K M A N,

A

P A R T I C U L A R F R I E N D O F

T H E A U T H O R ' S.

AS those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is sever'd from the heart;
Till loosen'd life, at last, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is breath.

O D E.

I.

TELL me, thou soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh! if thou hover'st round my walk,
While, under ev'ry well-known tree,
I to thy fancy'd shadow talk,
And every tear is full of thee;

IV.

Should then the weary eye of grief,
Beside some sympathetic stream,
In slumber find a short relief,
Oh visit thou my soothing dream!

E P I T A P H

O N

M I S S S T A N L E Y.

HERE, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal strife,
 Above the joys, beyond the woes of life.
 Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a year of pain:
 No more sweet patience, feigning oft relief,
 Lights thy sick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
 With tender art, to save her anxious groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own:
 Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliss sincere:
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing tear!

O born to bloom, then sink beneath the storm;
 To show us Virtue in her fairest form;
 To show us artless Reason's moral reign,
 What boastful science arrogates in vain;

Th' obedient passions knowing each their part;
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!

Yes, we must follow soon, will glad obey,
When a few suns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will close the willing eye:
'Tis the great birth-right of mankind TO DIE.
Blest be the bark! that wafts us to the shore,
Where death-divided friends shall part no more:
To join thee there, here with thy dust repose,
Is all the hope thy hapless mother knows.

TO THE REVEREND

MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL

IN SUFFOLK.

1738.

THUS safely low, my friend, thou can'st not fall:
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noise, no care, no vanity, no strife;
Men, woods and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each passion down, however dear;
Trust me, the tender are the most severe.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philosophic ease,
And ask no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the storms of fate:
High bliss is only for a higher state.

A

P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

L A T T E R P A R T

O F T H E

S I X T H C H A P T E R O F S T. M A T T H E W.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While, on the roof, the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall cloath these shivering limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?

And the fair body its investing weed?

Behold! and look away your low despair---

See the light tenants of the barren air:

To them, nor stores, nor granaries, belong,

Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song;

Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye

On the least wing that flits along the sky.

To him they sing, when Spring renews the plain,

To him they cry, in Winter's pinching reign;

Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay, and the distressful call,

And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race;

They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,

Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!

What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;

Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?

Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

S O N G.

I.

ONE day the God of fond desire,
On mischief bent, to Damon said,
Why not disclose your tender fire,
Not own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The shepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, softly sighing, thus reply'd:
'Tis true, you have subdu'd my heart,
But shall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The slave, in private, only bears
Your bondage, who his love conceals:
But when his passion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

S O N G.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
But to the sympathetic groves,
But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh! when she blest next your shade,
Oh! when her foot-steps next are seen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In fresher mazes o'er the green;

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,
Though fear my tongue must ever bind;
Oh tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaster tenderness his care,
Nor purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin fear
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear :
True love and friendship are the same.

S O N G.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda blest,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower :

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing;
In vain the freshening fields appear :
“ Without my love there is no spring.”

S O N G.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between, and bid us part:

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And with, and with the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft desire,
Come and possess my happy breast,
Not fury-like in flames and fire,
Or frantic folly's wildness drest;

But come in friendship's angel-guise:
Yet dearer thou than friendship art,
More tender spirit in thy eyes,
More sweet emotions at the heart.

O come with goodness in thy train,
With peace and pleasure void of storm;
And wouldst thou me for ever gain,
Put on Amanda's winning form.

O D E.

O NIGHTINGALE, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love;
O lend that strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame:
And hence, in vain, I languish for my bride;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

TO

S E R A P H I N A.

O D E.

THE wanton's charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive light,
Whose flattering un auspicious blaze
To precipices oft betrays:
But that sweet ray your beauties dart,
Which clears the mind, and cleans the heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of night,
Who pours a lovely gentle light
Wide o'er the dark, by wanderers blest,
Conducting them to peace and rest.

A vicious love depraves the mind,
'Tis anguish, guilt, and folly join'd;
But Seraphina's eyes dispense
A mild and gracious influence;

Such as in visions angels shed
Around the heaven-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina, sure,
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low passions to escape,
And woo bright Virtue's fairest shape;
'Tis extasy with wisdom join'd;
And heaven infus'd into the mind.

O D E

O N

A E O L U S ' S H A R P.

I.

AETHEREAL race, inhabitants of air,
Who hymn your God amid the secret grove;
Ye unseen beings, to my harp repair,
And raise majestic strains, or melt in love.

II.

Those tender notes, how kindly they upbraid,
With what soft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of some unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that strain was of a graver tone;
On the deep strings his hand some hermit throws;
Or he the sacred Bard; who sat alone,
In the drear waste, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the song which Zion's children sung,
When by Euphrates' stream they made their plaint:
And to such sadly solemn notes are strung
Angelic harps, to soothe a dying faint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial choir,
Through heaven's high dome their awful anthem raise:
Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
To swell the lofty hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me, ye wandering spirits of the wind,
Who, as wild fancy prompts you, touch the string,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

H Y M N

O N

S O L I T U D E.

H A I L, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools, and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.

A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
 And warble forth your oaten strain.
 A lover now, with all the grace
 Of that sweet passion in your face:
 Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
 The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom,
 As, with her MUSIDORA, she,
 (Her MUSIDORA fond of thee)
 Amid the long withdrawing vale,
 Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landskip swims away,
 Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
 And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
 The virtues of the sage, and swain;
 Plain Innocence in white array'd,
 Before thee lifts her fearless head:

Religion's beams around thee shine,
And chear thy glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.



F I N I S.

N O T E S.

B R I T A N N I A.

Verse 17. Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

L I B E R T Y. PART I.

Verse 83. L. J. Brutus, and Virginius.

242. Via Sacra.

247. M. Angelo Buonaroti, Palladio, and Raphael D'Urbino; the three great modern masters in sculpture, architecture, and painting.

273. Tusculum is reckoned to have stood at a place now called Grotta Ferrata, a convent of monks.

276. The bay of Mola (anciently Formiae) into which Homer brings Ulysses, and his companions. Near Formiae Cicero had a villa.

284. Naples then under the Austrian government.

288. Campagna felice, adjoining to Capua.

290. The coast of Baiae, which was formerly adorned with the works mentioned in the following lines; and where amidst many magnificent ruins, those of a temple erected to Venus are still to be seen.

303. All along this coast, the ancient Romans had their winter retreats; and several populous cities stood.

L I B E R T Y. PART II.

Verse 57. Civil Tyranny.

63. The Pyramids.

65. The Tyrants of Egypt.

138. A mountain near Athens.

142. Two rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.

157. The Areopagus, or supreme court of Judicature, which Solon reformed, and improved: and the council of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this council all affairs of state were deliberated, before they came to be voted in the assembly of the people.

174. Or Olympia, the city where the Olympic games were celebrated.

180. The straits of Thermopylae.

197. Xenophon.

222. Socrates.

272. Homer.

- Verse 323. When Demetrius besieged Rhodes, and could have reduced the city, by setting fire to that quarter of it, where stood the house of the celebrated Protogenes; he chose rather to raise the siege, than hazard the burning of a famous picture called Jafylus, the master-piece of that painter.
442. So the kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.
453. The peace made by Antalcidas, the Lacedemonian admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandoned all the Greeks established in the lesser Asia to the dominion of the king of Persia.
459. Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the end of the first Peloponnesian war, and was at this time restored by Conon to its former splendor.
470. The Peloponnesian war.
478. Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.
480. The battle of Chéronæa, in which Philip of Macedon utterly defeated the Greeks.

L I B E R T Y. PART III.

- Verse 7. The last struggles of Liberty in Greece.
15. A promontory in Calabria.
32. Pythagoras.
34. Samos, over which then reigned the tyrant Polycrates.
37. The southern parts of Italy and Sicily, so called because of the Grecian colonies there settled.
38. His scholars were enjoined silence for five years.
57. The four cardinal virtues.
244. The ancient name of the Volga.
245. The Caspian sea.
264. The king of Macedonia.
286. The Isthmian games were celebrated at Corinth.
369. Carthage.
390. Tib. Gracchus.
465. Pub. Servilius Rullus, tribune of the people, proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantageous for the people, but destructive of their liberty; and which was defeated by the eloquence of Cicero, in his speech against Rullus.
489. Tiberius.
496. Thrasea Paetus, put to death by Nero. Tacitus introduces the account he gives of his death thus.—“ After having inhumanly slaughter’d so many illustrious men, he (Nero) burned at last with a desire of cutting off virtue itself in the person of Thrasea.” &c.
505. Antoninus Pius, and his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, afterwards called Antoninus Philosophus.



Verse 511. Constantine's arch, to build which, that of Trajan was destroyed, Sculpture having been then almost entirely lost.

515. The ancient Sarmatia contain'd a vast tract of country running all along the north of Europe, and Asia.

L I B E R T Y. PART IV.

Verse 49. Church power, or ecclesiastical tyranny.

52. Civil tyranny.

86. Crusades.

91. The corruptions of the church of Rome.

94. Vassalage, whence the attachment of clans to their chief.

96. Duelling.

123. The Hierarchy.

141. The Hercules of Farnese.

153. The Fighting Gladiator.

156. The Dying Gladiator.

164. The Apollo of Belvidere.

175. The Venus of Medici.

185. The groupe of Laocoon and his two sons, destroyed by two serpents.

186. See Aeneid II. ver. 199—227.

208. It is reported of Michael Angelo Buonaroti, the most celebrated master in modern Sculpture, that he wrought with a kind of inspiration, or enthusiastical fury, which produced the effect here mentioned.

213, 214. Esteemed the two finest pieces of modern Sculpture.

244. The school of the Caracci.

266. The river Arno runs through Florence.

269. The republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel wars together, but are now all peaceably subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a republic.

282. The Genoese territory is reckoned very populous, but the towns and villages for the most part lie hid among the Apennine rocks and mountains.

284. According to Dr. Burnet's system of the deluge.

293. Venice was the most flourishing city in Europe, with regard to trade, before the passage to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope, and America, were discovered.

294. Those who fled to some marshes in the Adriatic gulph, from the desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there this famous city, about the beginning of the fifth century.

319. The Main Ocean.

319. Great Britain.

Verse 323. The Swiss Cantons.

329. Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small state, but noble example of the blessings of civil and religious liberty.
347. The Swiss, after having been long absent from their native country, are seized with such a violent desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing indisposition, called the Swiss sickness.
366. The Hans Towns.
372. The Swedes.
377. See note on verse 678.
624. Great Britain was peopled by the Celtae or Gauls.
630. The Druids, among the ancient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious matters.
645. The Roman empire.
647. Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.
652. The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's rampart, which ran for eighty miles quite cross the country, from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.
654. Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.
658. The Roman empire being miserably torn by the northern nations, Britain was for ever abandoned by the Romans in the year 426 or 427.
662. The Britons applying to Aetius the Roman general for assistance, thus expressed their miserable condition—"We know not which way to turn us. The
"Barbarians drive us to the sea, and the sea forces us back to the Barbarians;
"between which we have only the choice of two deaths, either to be swallowed up by the waves, or butchered by the sword."
665. King of the Silures, famous for his great exploits, and accounted the best general Great Britain had ever produced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most powerful of all the Britons: they inhabited Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.
666. Queen of the Iceni: her story is well known.
678. It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general among them (the Goths) that death was but the entrance into another life; that all men who lived lazy and unactive lives, and died natural deaths, by sickness or by age, went into vast caves under ground, all dark and miry, full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the contrary, all who gave themselves to warlike actions and enterprizes, to the conquest of their neighbours and the slaughter of their enemies, and died in battle, or of violent deaths upon bold adventures or resolutions, went immediately to the vast hall or palace of Odin, their god of war, who eternally kept open house for all such guests, where they were entertained at infinite tables, in perpetual feasts and mirth, carousing in

bowls made of the skulls of their enemies they had slain ; according to the number of whom, every one in these mansions of pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained.

Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Essay on Heroic Virtue*.

Verse 701. The seven kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common government, under a general in chief or monarch, and by the means of an assembly general or Wittenagemot.

704. Egbert king of Wessex, who after having reduced all the other kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his dominion, was the first king of England.

709. A famous Danish standard was called Reafan, or Raven. The Danes imagined that, before a battle, the Raven wrought upon this standard clap'd its wings or hung down its head, in token of victory or defeat.

733. Alfred the Great, renowned in war, and no less famous in peace for his many excellent institutions, particularly that of Juries.

736. The battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself master of England.

748. Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish laws into one body ; which from that time became common to all England, under the name of The Laws of Edward.

755. The Curfew Bell (from the French Couvrefeu) which was rung every night at eight of the clock, to warn the English to put out their fires and candles, under the penalty of a severe fine.

762. The New Forest in Hampshire ; to make which, the country for above thirty miles in compass was laid waste.

775. On the 5th of June 1215, King John, met by the Barons on Runnemede, signed the Great Charter of Liberties, or Magna Charta.

784. The league formed by the Barons, during the Reign of John, in the year 1213, was the first confederacy made in England in defence of the nation's interest against the King.

796. The commons are generally thought to have been first represented in parliament towards the end of Henry the third's reign. To a parliament called in the year 1264, each county was ordered to send four knights, as representatives of their respective shires : and to a parliament called in the year following, each county was ordered to send, as their representatives, two knights, and each city and borough as many citizens and burgeses. Till then, history makes no mention of them ; whence a very strong argument may be drawn, to fix the original of the house of commons to that aera.

840. Edward III.

840. Henry V.

865. Three famous battles, gained by the English over the French.

868. During the civil wars, betwixt the families of York and Lancafter.

873. Henry VII.

Verse 879. The famous Earl of Warwick, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. was called the King-Maker.

881. Permitting the Barons to alienate their lands.

895. Henry VIII.

895. Of Papal dominion.

904. John Wickliff, doctor of divinity, who towards the close of the fourteenth century, published doctrines very contrary to those of the church of Rome, and particularly denying the Papal authority. His followers grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

906. Suppression of monasteries.

912. The Spanish West-Indies.

931. The dominion of the house of Austria.

937. The Spanish Armada. Rapin says, that after proper measures had been taken, the enemy was expected with uncommon alacrity.

957. James I.

966. Elector Palatine, and who had been chosen king of Bohemia, but was stripped of all his dominions and dignities by the emperor Ferdinand, while James the first, his father in law, being amused from time to time, endeavoured to mediate a peace.

970. The monstrous and till then unheard-of doctrines of divine indefeasible hereditary right, passive obedience, &c.

975. The parties of Whig and Tory.

982. Charles I.

991. Parliaments.

1003. Ship-money.

1004. Monopolies.

1008. The raging High-Church sermons of these times, inspiring at once a spirit of slavish submission to the court, and of bitter persecution against those whom they call Church and State Puritans.

1045. At the Restoration.

1048. Charles II.

1049. Court of Wards.

1075. Dunkirk.

1077. The war, in conjunction with France, against the Dutch.

1078. The Triple Alliance.

1080. Under Lewis XIV.

1084. A standing army, raised without the consent of parliament.

1095. The charters of corporations.

1105. James II.

1119. The Prince of Orange in his passage to England, though his fleet had been at first dispersed by a storm, was afterwards extremely favoured by several changes of wind.

Verse 1122. Rapin, in his History of England.—The third of November the fleet entered the Channel, and lay by between Calais and Dover, to stay for the ships that were behind. Here the Prince called a council of war. It is easy to imagine what a glorious show the fleet made. Five or six hundred ships in so narrow a channel, and both the English and French shores covered with numberless spectators, are no common sight. For my part, who was then on board the fleet, I own it struck me extremely.

1126. The Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with English colours, and their Highnesses' arms surrounded with this motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the motto of the house of Nassau, JE MAINTIENDRAI, I will maintain.

RAPIN.

1127. The English fleet.

1130. The King's army.

1143. By the Bill of Rights, and the Act of Succession.

1144. William III.

L I B E R T Y. PART V.

Verse 69. Tin.

285. Lord Moleworth in his account of Denmark says,—It is observed, that in limited monarchies and commonwealths, a neighbourhood to the seat of the government is advantageous to the subjects; whilst the distant provinces are less thriving, and more liable to oppression.

409. The famous Retreat of the Ten Thousand was chiefly conducted by Xenophon.

414. Epaminondas, after having beat the Lacedemonians and their allies, in the battle of Leuctra, made an incursion at the head of a powerful army, into Laconia. It was now six hundred years since the Dorians had possessed this country, and in all that time the face of an enemy had not been seen within their territories. PLUTARCH in Agefilaus.

458. Lewis XIV.

473. The canal of Languedoc.

475, 477. The hospitals for foundlings and invalids.

496. The academies of Sciences, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.

503. Engraving.

518. The tapestry of the Gobelins.

663. An hospital for foundlings.

680. A creature which, of all brutes, most resembles man.—See Dr. Tyson's treatise on this animal.

699. Okely woods, near Cirencester.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LORD TALBOT.

Verse 223. Dr. Rundle late bishop of Derry in Ireland.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. CANTO I.

Stanza XXX. v. 1. Those islands on the Western coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.

XL. v. 9. This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, called Aeolus's harp, which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

XLII. v. 6. The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

LIV. v. 6. The morning star.

LXVII. v. 1. Mr. Quin.

LXVIII. v. 2. The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE. CANTO II.

Stanza XXI. v. 2. Constantinople.

XXXIII. v. 4. The Nightingale.

XLIII. v. 2. A gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.



